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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
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Correspondence from practical farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name, in full, which will be printed or not, as the writer may wish.
The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portions of the community. Entered as second-class mail matter.

A Model Creamery.

The building shown in the illustration was erected in 1899 for the State experiment station at Amherst, Mass., and is a story and a half wooden structure, shingled outside (unpainted) with white trimmings. On the north side is the icehouse, of which the ventilator shows in the cut, and a small room intended for an office. In the south end are two small rooms, one a pasteurizing room unequipped, and the other a cream-ripening room, containing two twin ripening vats.

The large central room contains milk-receiving tanks, pasteurizer, churns, butter worker, refrigerator, sink, etc. The upstairs room showing in the east and south faces is at present simply used for storage. The power for running the machinery is derived from a water motor. Steam is supplied from the barn boiler through underground pipes. E. B. HOLLAND, Hampshire County, Mass.

Experience in Keeping Eggs.

A writer in the Mark Lane Express thus summarizes his five years' successful use of waterglass for the preservation of eggs: "I believe I was one of the first who took to it, and I have induced many to do so, and hope my remarks may help many of your readers in giving them confidence in the system, as well as detailing the process plainly. It is all easy, very easy, and in no way mysterious or very expensive. Waterglass is a liquid, almost as clear as water, and about the consistency of new-run honey. It has no smell, but is somewhat sticky, especially in a low temperature. Its chemical name is silicate of soda. When I first heard of it as an egg preservative, I asked several chemists in my nearest town for it, but not one had it; indeed, some of them had to consult their books to see what it was, and they said it was never asked for, and my first lot cost me over 1s. per pound, but three pounds or four pounds can be secured for that amount now, and if taken in quantity may be bought for 2d. per pound. I state this that it may be understood that I am not dealing with a high-priced article which all could not avail themselves of. Four articles are wanted—a dish or dishes, waterglass, water and eggs. The dish or vessel may be of any size, to hold from a score to five hundred eggs. It may be of wood, stone, iron, zinc or earthenware. I generally use various-sized casks cut in two, such as are often employed to feed cattle out of. They are cheap and convenient. Scald the dish clean, fill half full of boiling water, and as soon as the hand can be held in it add the waterglass. Measure the water as it is put in, and to twelve parts of water give one of waterglass. If you use twelve parts of water, employ one quart; if twelve gallons, one gallon, and in a like proportion either up or down. Stir the liquid well as soon as the waterglass is put in. It mixes readily, and no one could tell it was there. The dish may be kept in the dairy, pantry, cellar or cool room. The eggs may be put in every evening as collected until the vessel is full. All must be under cover or immersed. If the eggs are kept for a few days before putting in, they will still turn out all right, but they must be sound and sweet before they are placed in the liquid."

Among the Farmers.

A large portion of our orchards are fertilized by poultry. Very few are giving their orchards any special attention. Where any cultivation is done fruit shows better quality and more of it.—C. S. Phiney, Standish, Me.
Seed down your land to corn instead of grain. If well dressed you will be sure of a crop and the hay that follows will last as long as if seeded in any other way. Intense cultivation is the thing for this age.—J. P. Sawyer, Androscoggin County, Me.
In the Connecticut valley we have hundreds of acres of good pasture land, if properly cared for. We formerly raised the finest stock on our hills. I have seen four-year-olds weighing forty hundred to the pair. Today hardly none of that stock can be found. Giving all praise to the Guernsey and Jersey stock, I have claimed for quite a time that they are no stock for our hills, and we must go back to the dual purpose stock.—E. W. Boies, Hampden County, Mass.

I am sorry to say that a rather large percent of butter made by the farmers is not very good and some is abominably bad, but I would also incidentally say the same holds true about creamery butter. Of course, the creamery men blame the farmer, but I happen to know some cases where the butter maker did not even know the differ-

ence between good and bad butter.—L. W. Lighty, East Berlin, Pa.
Any man with average ability can make as much money farming as at any other occupation. Not only is farming a paying occupation, but it is a good occupation for any man to take up who is suffering in any way, as the life naturally led in this pursuit is conducive to perfect health. Facts and figures show that farmers, as a general rule, live the longest and are the best men of any community, and that the best men of all ages have their youthful training on the farm.—U. H. Potter, Worcester County, Mass.

A Great Vegetable Farm.

One of the largest vegetable farms on Long Island is owned by G. M. Hallcock & Son of Greenport, who have built up a large business, starting with eighty acres of poor land.

At the time of the purchase, in 1872, the average yield of the farm, used mostly for growing potatoes, was 125 bushels an acre, and it cost half the returns to get the crops to market. Now, the wholesale value of the crops, delivered in New York and New London, is usually about \$25,000; but this year, owing to a later yield, it was not much over \$20,000.

The land has become extremely productive and is valued at \$200 per acre, besides \$15,000 in buildings, steamboat, tools and stock.
The year's bill for labor is about \$5000, which is more than the total crop was valued at the time it was taken in hand by Mr. Hallcock. The results seem to be due to a combination of confidence and energy. Few would dare to take a run-down, unprofitable farm, and spend several thousands of dollars a year in manure to begin with, besides an amount for labor which made the neighbors predict failure from the start; but Mr. Hallcock believed that the farm would pay if made to do its best and the produce marketed to advantage. The plan was to make the whole farm grow vegetables and nothing else, thus requiring an immense amount of labor.

He began with hiring three men for every ten acres, and now employs about five men to every ten acres, or thirty-five to forty for the whole farm. The wages paid vary from \$12 to \$20 per month. There are ten horses and a few cows to supply the milk and butter. The manure and fertilizer was brought from New York City by schooners, which land at a wharf adjoining the farm. Each acre gets about \$50 worth of manure per year.

The yield of potatoes increased from 125 to four hundred bushels per acre, while onions, carrots and cabbages increased fully as much in proportion.
The crop taken to market by a small steamboat belonging to Mr. Hallcock, making daily trips to New York and New London or Bridgeport, according to the respective markets. The steamer carries about five hundred barrels of produce and sometimes takes vegetables from the other farmers in the vicinity.

By the kindness of the proprietors of Hall's Farm we are enabled to publish below the summary of crops raised last year on seventy-eight acres, taken from their record: Early cabbage, 6145 barrels; onions from sets, 3720 bushels; early potatoes, 10,300 bushels; onions from seed, 9630 bushels; late potatoes, 1150 bushels; cucumbers, 1029 barrels; squash, 1400 barrels; lima beans, 790 bags of one bushel; corn in ears, 1000 bushels; carrots, 13,500 bushels; apples, 125 barrels; onion sets, 100 bushels; onion seed, 200 pounds; carrot seed, 80 pounds; cabbage plants, 250,000.

Northeastern Vermont Notes.

In traversing this part of Vermont for the first time this season, I am agreeably surprised to find such an extensive and generally uniform fine dairy country as this Orleans county continues to show up. Although in the southern part of the county is located the highest cultivated land in the State, this northern section is much lower, less hilly, and the soil quite like that of northern New York State. The whole county abounds in lakes and natural ponds, and Lake Memphremagog is quite a counterpart of Lake George, N. Y.
Many large dairies are found in this Canadian border section, where from forty to seventy-five cows are milked, ex-Governor Grant at Derby being one of the heavy proprietors. Very little hay is stacked in this vicinity, and many large barns are seen in all towns. Many barns seem to have been recently built, among them some large round ones with a silo in the centre, which seems to make an ideal dairy and horse barn. The stalls are naturally shaped for the comfort of horses especially.

Vermont farmers can generally find a "side hill" by which to place their barns, and the great majority, built within twenty years, are so placed, and a gable entrance door is made beside or above the roof beams, so that the hay is nearly all pitched down. The unloading carrier forks are only rarely used here.

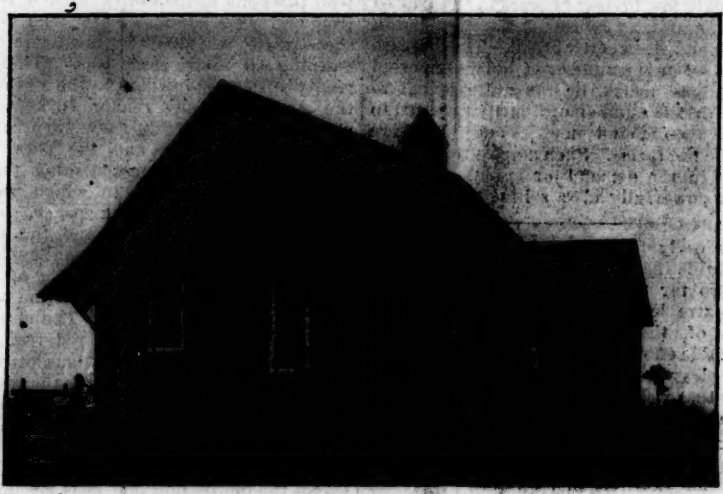
The ensilage and silo question seems to be unsettled in this section yet, although quite a good number of silos are in use, and rarely does the criticism come from those who have them.
Quite a large proportion of the silos in this section are filled with the corn uncut and left in small bundles, packed in shingle fashion. And the uniform report is that the ensilage comes out in fine order and sweeter than the fine-cut stock. The debatable question seems to be, Does good-cured ensilage fed with discretion, say one-half the cows daily allowance of food, badly affect the flavor of milk, cream or butter?

The crop report of this section seems to be very much like that of the average northern New England reports. The hay crop finally turned out about a fifth to a fourth

short only, and corn is a small crop. There was a big yield of oats, a good growth of potatoes, and pastureage is extra good, with the hay meadows never showing a more velvety green, although the first crop was cut so late that but little rowen will be harvested. This is not a great section for fruit, and apples are short for even home use.
Newport is hereafter to be the great "port of entry" for foreign goods for northeastern Vermont, and a \$125,000 Government building is now being erected here. The United States traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railroad must here be accounted for. The new building is an imposing, square block, the first story of which is built with Vermont's own fine marble, the three other stories with dark pressed brick.

The forest trees for the past three weeks have been putting on their bright fall dress very fast, and as this month came in the appearance was as usual about three weeks later, with the colors fully as varied and bright. This glorious change in nature

the gathering were J. H. Merriman of Southington, E. M. Ives of Meriden, Edwin Hoyt of New Canaan, secretary H. C. Miles of Milford, E. Davis of Branford, B. S. Hotchkiss, C. W. Staples of West Hartford, N. H. King of Thompsonville, H. L. Griswold of West Hartford, C. E. Lyman of Middletown, Harvey Jewell of Cromwell, Dairy Commissioner Noble, L. C. Root of Farmington, Richard Davis of Middletown, the Daniels Bros. of Middletown, R. B. Post of Essex. Nebraska was represented by Mr. S. S. Johnson, who told how they grow corn and other crops in the West. New York and many other States were represented. Many people came to see and know more about the facts set forth in Mr. Clark's grass circular about large hay crops. Six tons of hay to the acre in one crop was formerly thought by many to be more than is possible. The committee's invitation was conditional; if bad weather it was to have been held the next day. On the morning of the twenty-sixth



STATION CREAMERY, AMHERST, MASS.
See descriptive article.

It has been common to ascribe to the effects of frost, which is sentimental, but I believe not true. A frost-bitten leaf does not turn bright. An early spring, doubtless, accounts for the early ripening this year.
Newport, Vt. H. M. PORTER.

Visit to Clark of Higginson, Ct.

The local Grange of Higginson, Ct., through their master, Mr. Fred Kelsey, with Dr. Smith as chairman, invited the State Pomological Society and the Dairyman's Association to a field meeting to show them in part what can be done by intense cultivation. This invitation was responded to by several hundred representatives, men and women, from different parts of the State and country. Dr. Smith and his committee met them at the Higginson station and took them to Grange headquarters and then to the orchard and grass field of George M. Clark, where upward of two hundred visitors were able to see the effects of intense cultivation.

They found an orchard, containing 1425 trees, of 2 1/2 acres on a poor, gravelly knoll that had been cultivated five years with the Clark's Double-Action Cutaway Harrow one hundred times each way at a cost of \$550; 570 a year, \$13 per acre. The second and fifth crop years frost had killed the fruit. The third and fourth years they had produced 1500 bushels of very large plums, at an average value of fifty cents per basket, or \$750. These trees have made an average growth of twenty feet since sitting, and have been out back twelve feet. Average growth this year and last three hundred feet to a tree. Trees set at same time not cultivated made a growth of less than five feet and bore no fruit.

The visitors also saw positive evidence of the results of grass on the intense cultivation. There were six tons of well-dried hay first crop, and apparently a second crop of two or three tons per acre was assured. They also found what few, if any, had supposed possible in this climate; a first crop of timothy, matured, five feet high and second crop matured of forty-two inches, a total of ninety inches; 7 1/2 feet growth this year; and a five days growth on the third crop. They saw a field where over seven tons of hay to the acre was cut on July 23, 1903, with more than two tons to the acre now standing; they observed what thousands of others in the years gone by have noticed when they have visited Clark's grass farm, that it was a rough, rocky, almost abandoned farm, reclaimed, producing wonderful crops, mainly by reason of more intense cultivation. They also examined the implements that had performed the work. The party then returned to their headquarters via the four large planters' horse shops of the late D. & H. Scovill, now owned and operated by the Porters. After a bountiful repast they adjourned for an hour to view the large shops along the Higginson river, the planters' horse shops, the Cutaway Harrow Company's shops and the Russell Manufacturing Company's shops, which together cover nearly ten acres and use a thousand horse-power, employing about one thousand hands. Their goods are shipped nearly all over the world. All the goods made for Clark's large hay crops are made by the Cutaway Harrow Company under Clark's patents in about one thousand different kinds. The only genuine Cutaways are made here.

At 2 P. M. the party assembled in the large hall to hear the speakers, among which were Commissioner Noble of the State Dairy Commission, Edwin Hoyt of New Canaan, Professor Clinton of Storrs. Among the better-known horticulturists in

the weather was threatening, so that on the twenty-seventh half as many more came to find out about the large hay crops.

Nearly one-half the States in the Union were represented, and the visitors went away expressing their entire satisfaction and belief of the truth of Mr. Clark's statements. Intense cultivation is the main spoke. Many of late have asked the writer to make a full statement covering the amount of hay secured, cost, etc., during his seventeen years of work on the grass field. If he can get the time he will do so and report later. GEORGE M. CLARK, Higginson, Ct.

Making Good Vinegar.

Vinegar made from pure cider or grape juice is the best and most wholesome form of this popular condiment. If compared with the fabrication of pure cider vinegar is a very simple process, and one which any one who can grow or buy a few bushels of apples may successfully carry on.

In the production of pure cider vinegar four factors are concerned. These are pure cider; the presence of the acetic acid ferment, *bacillus aceti*; free ingress of air, and the temperature of the air of room not less than 70°, nor more than 80° F.

As vinegar is ordinarily made on the farm, it is simply allowed to ferment spontaneously in unbunged barrels in a cellar where temperature during the fall months when cider is usually made is pretty constant at about 60° F. The acetic acid ferment does not grow actively at any temperature below 70° F, hence the relatively long period it requires to produce good vinegar in farm cellars. Although the acetic ferment requires a comparatively high temperature, there are many other ferments which can grow at lower temperatures. These generally get into the farmer's vinegar barrels and make trouble. The following process described in Bulletin 182 of the North Carolina Experiment Station will enable any one to make a fine vinegar with the least possible waste of time and material.

Take sound barrels or any suitably sized vessels of wood, earthenware or glass—vessels which can grow at lower temperatures. These generally get into the farmer's vinegar barrels and make trouble. The following process described in Bulletin 182 of the North Carolina Experiment Station will enable any one to make a fine vinegar with the least possible waste of time and material.

a barrel one pint of a solution of one-half pound of isinglass in one quart of water. As soon as settled, rack off, and store in tight vessels. Usually no fining of vinegar is needed. No pure cider vinegar will keep long in vessels exposed to the air at a temperature above 60° F. "Vinegar cels" are sometimes troublesome in vinegar barrels. To remove these, heat the vinegar scalding hot, but do not boil. When cool, strain through clean flannel, and the "cels" will be removed.

In making older vinegar, the strength of the product or per cent. by weight of the acetic acid in it will be a little less than the per cent. by weight of the alcohol in the older. A little of the alcohol remains unfermented, and serves to give the desired flavor or bouquet to the vinegar.

There is another, and even more rapid, method of making older vinegar. In this method the fermented cider, or "hard cider," is run through a box of beechwood shavings wetted with old vinegar. By this method good vinegar may be made in twenty-four hours. But the process as first described makes better vinegar, and is preferable for farm use.

Danger from Flies.

A fairly close second to the malaria mosquito as a carrier of disease germs is the common housefly. A swarm of these little pests may crawl over some filthy place and bring away on their feet seeds of illness enough to infect a whole army. In fact, this is precisely what happened at some of the militia camps in different parts of the country during the Spanish war. On farms, the filthy little scamps should as far as possible be kept away from the manure cellars where they feed and breed. Persons who are a little careful about what is eaten will hardly need to be urged that flies should be screened away from all food supplies.

Not all germs brought by the flies are those of disease. If they were, good health would be rare indeed under present conditions. But if there exists infectious disease, like typhoid or dysentery in the neighborhood, there is always a chance that it will be spread by houseflies. The victims are likely to blame the milkman and the water supply, or anything except the real cause. Safety and neatness both require that all house insects be barred out or trapped.

Improving a Wet Barn Cellar.

The floor of the basement for holding manure underneath our barn is made of clay and gravel. This place is so wet in the spring that we want to make a good floor and provide for drainage of liquid manure, water from the roof, seepage through walls from upper yard, and the overflow water from the watering tanks.

At present we have a well in the yard, twenty feet from the barn, but this well fills up every heavy rain and backs the water into the basement. We have a good fall towards the public road, which is ten rods distant. What is our best plan to follow? What material for floor? If cement, kindly give general directions for cementing, etc. How can we manage the drainage system so as to utilize the liquid manure?—R. H. Williams, Pike, N. H.

The water from the upper yard well, twenty feet from the barn, and the water which seems naturally to be present in the basement, must be out off as completely as may be and conveyed away from the premises. One main drain to convey all of these sources of water supply seems a necessary start with. The size of this main drain should be determined by those who are familiar with the amount of water to be removed. To remove the water from the upper yard no other way appears at this distance than to lay a three-inch common land tile drain, say three feet deep, at such location as would be most likely to catch the objectionable water. Fill this trench with good gravel instead of the soil or clay thrown out. Let this drain empty into the main or any other point where it seems best to dispose of the water. The well water must be removed by a tile entering the well just below the floor of the basement. Trouble from this source cannot be anticipated if this is properly done. According to present ideas of sanitation, the well should be abolished, filled up and supply secured from higher ground or by pumping from a distance.

The basement, in the kind of soil and location indicated, must be drained with a system of drains laid once in ten feet, with one drain around the outer edge as near as may be to the foundation without danger. Let these drains all connect and all have a good grade towards the outlet. Three-inch land tile will be a safe size to use. The idea of having these basement drains all connected is so that any little surplus from any one point can easily distribute itself to points not so fully supplied. These drains should be two feet deep and filled with good gravel. Give this a good chance to settle into place before any floor is laid.

All of these sources of water supply must be conveyed into the one main drain unless more economically disposed of in some other direction. This drainage water, which will contain some fertilizing matter, should, if practicable, be turned upon grass land, which will return the best results of any crop for the application.

For a floor for this basement, concrete works very nicely, so does a good cement mortar. Three-inch plank, where lumber is cheap makes a very nice and durable floor. Any of these are good and very satisfactory when well laid. The rear of the basement may be two feet lower than the front, then the liquid manure cannot escape. Have the foundation walls pointed up, so there can be no loss in that direction. Manure, especially horse manure, is an excellent absorbent, and occasionally with a scoop shovel throw up the liquid on the heaps.

If a cement bottom is decided upon be

sure and have a six or eight-inch foundation of small stone well rolled down and grouted with sharp sand, three parts to one part best cement. Every neighborhood generally has a good mason and his services would be helpful.

According to present ideas, it is unfortunate that the old-time cattle barn and basement exist, and where such arrangements are to be improved, it is well worth while to consider which would involve the greater cost, the projected improvement or the neat new cow stable one side, and the manure shed at a convenient distance from the manure. The so-called cattle barn, as found in most all neighborhoods, is an undesirable arrangement, unsanitary, and with the manure in the basement suggests a poor condition for the fodder stored above. It would save time, and perhaps expensive mistakes, if Mr. Williams were to get the services of a building and drainage expert to view the premises.

The Apple Situation.

The warm weather has had its usual effect on the apple trade, causing direct shipments to arrive in poorer condition, and forcing dealers to hasten sales of lots ripening too fast. Prices of good stock have held up well, owing to the good demand for the export trade. Hot weather has somewhat checked the home demand, temporarily, of course.

A Portland buyer from the Libby Company was in Boston, Tuesday. He said the firm is paying \$1.50 for No. 1 Baldwins in the orchard; the firm doing the packing. Many farmers will no doubt accept offers of this kind rather than risk a repetition of last year's experience.

E. P. Miller, a Chicago buyer operating in New York State, reports dealers offering \$1.50 for No. 1's and 2's, with farmers asking \$2, and not many orchards sold as yet. He finds the fruit good, smooth and clean, for the most part. Another New York buyer claims that dealers cannot pay \$1 per barrel and make a profit, but he is not known to have secured any apples. No contracts below \$1.50 are reported.

George R. Meeker & Co.: "The shipments of apples to Europe continue to increase, and while we cannot at the present writing give the exact figures, it is estimated that in the neighborhood of forty thousand barrels will be exported from New York during this week. The part of which most of these will be shipped is Liverpool, as the shipments on the Germanic and Cedric were very heavy. We are still of the firm belief that good fruit is badly wanted in Europe, and do not hesitate to urge you to export your apples, only be sure that they are of good quality, otherwise the results will not be satisfactory. We have received the following cable from our London house in Covent Garden, dated Sept. 11: Kings \$4.40 to \$6.10, Baldwins \$3.65 to \$4.25, Greenings \$3.90 to \$4.25, Maiden Blush \$4.40 to \$4.85, Gravensteins \$4.25 to \$6.30, other varieties \$3.90 to \$4.73. Market prospects most favorable for good fruit. From our Liverpool house, dated Sept. 11, we received the following: Red varieties \$4.15 to \$4.85, Greening \$3.40 to \$4.15, Kings \$3.15 to \$3.85. Prospects good if fruit arrives in good condition. Otherwise they will do badly."

Messrs. James Lindsay & Son, Ltd., of Glasgow, cable under date of Sept. 11 as follows: "Apples Ex Ethiopia arrived in very poor condition and heated. The demand is very active for best qualities and we urge shipment of first-class fruit. Ethiopia sold Kings \$4.85 to \$5.30, Baldwins \$4.15 to \$4.40, Greenings \$3.90 to \$4.40, Fall Pippins \$3.90 to \$4.30, Snows \$4.85 to \$5.35. Various other varieties \$3.90 to \$5.10." Chester R. Lawrence: Apples are selling in Liverpool today (Sept. 15) from \$2.40 to \$5, according to variety and condition. Chloes Gravensteins are making \$5 and common green fall varieties are selling down to \$2.40. The demand is good for good stock. Shipments are getting heavier, and prices next week will probably ease off a little from above prices."

An agent of a German apple auction firm, now staying in New York, says: "There is no use shipping apples to Germany before October. Last year the first auction sale in Hamburg that showed good results on American apples was on Oct. 5. You see, Germany does not need apples for cooking purposes; what she wants is the real table apple, red fruit exclusively, and for fancy stock of that kind she is willing to pay remarkably high prices. Such stock as is now being shipped to London and Liverpool the Hamburg market has no manner of use for. As for the German home crop, it is very small, even smaller than last year."

Notes from Rhode Island Station.

On another part of the station land an experiment to determine the worth of different amounts of nitrogen has been carried on for the past ten years. One plot has received no nitrogen during that lapse of time. The second plot has received fertilizer which contained the equivalent of twenty-one pounds nitrogen per acre. The third plot has received fertilizer which contained nitrogen at the rate of sixty-three pounds per acre. This is the fifth year this land has been in grass, and the yields as shown by this year's crops are quite remarkable. That from the plot which has received no nitrogen during the ten years was 1.1 tons per acre. That from the plot receiving the one-third ration or twenty-one pounds nitrogen gave 1.7 tons per acre, while the third which had received the full ration of sixty-three pounds nitrogen per acre gave a yield of 3.75 tons per acre. Much the same results are being obtained by men throughout the State who are topdressing their grasslands with a more liberal amount of nitrate of soda than they formerly used.

Dairy Markets Advancing.

Quotations on best grades have advanced a fraction during the week, and hold firm at present quotations. The standard figure for most sales of choice tub creamery is 21 cents, compared with 20¢ or 20½ cents last week. Lower grades do not share the advance, being in light demand at this time. Choice Northern dairy is in light supply, and selling at a considerable advance, but common and firsts hold unchanged. Best boxed print butter is higher and in steady demand. Cheese is a fraction higher in most grades.

Chapin & Adams: "The outlook is better, owing partly to improved demand from consumers returning to the city. The butter output lessens with the lateness of the season. Prices average about one-half cent better than ten days ago. Prices may go a trifle higher, but will probably not advance much for the present, as the conditions favor a large fall production." At New York the market opened with a generally firm tone, which has been well maintained. Advances indicate some further shrinkage in the make, and arrivals of strictly fancy creamery now seem to be no more than equal to current consumptive requirements. Very little speculative trading is reported, and regular outlets seem to be about sufficient to take care of the supply. Of the lower qualities there is still some surplus, and these are slow sale, unless offered at quite attractive prices. State dairy is moving moderately at the irregular prices quoted; quality rarely good enough to reach top figures. Western imitation creamery is quiet, but the receipts are small. Factory continues in fair demand and firm. A little more attention is shown in strictly high-grade renovated, but the outlet is still comparatively small; the lower qualities are still neglected. Packing stock remains quiet and unchanged. Receipts this week up to Thursday were about fourteen thousand packages.

Cheese has been in somewhat more liberal supply at New York since the first of the week, of both large and small sizes, but prices have advanced in nearly all grades, English and Canadian markets are higher.

Many large dealers, not only in New York but in other distributing markets who have been holding off, now show some anxiety to secure stock for winter and spring use. Small sizes are fairly active and firm, and some specially firm lots of colored have brought a shade above top quotations. Large sizes in fair export demand and very firm, more especially on colored. Some specially desirable lots bring a premium. Skins are held higher on all grades in sympathy with full cream.

Hay Trade About Steady.

The new crop now controls the market. Arrivals are mostly in good condition and the standard of quality is far ahead of last year's crop, owing to more favorable weather during the curing season. Receipts at New York were larger than for the previous week and about the same as for the corresponding week last year. Old hay holds at steady prices which are likely to decline on the expected large arrivals of the new crop. Rye straw is still high for good grades, but much of the straw arriving is poor.

At Boston most of the old stock has been cleared out. Old hay would still be preferred to new by stable keepers, were it not that the old is mostly poor grade, while the new is of excellent quality, although not yet dried out so completely as the liverymen like to have it for horse feed. Long rye straw is in moderate supply. Arrivals of hay and straw continue light.

Provisions Firm.

Prices on pork and beef hold about as last quoted. The hog supply at Boston is moderate. Export demand is rather light. There were slaughtered for Boston packers during the week 25,200, compared with 19,300 the preceding week; same week a year ago, twenty-five thousand. The export demand has decreased considerably, the total value by Boston packers having been about \$180,000; preceding week, \$215,000; same week a year ago, \$185,000. There has been some gain in the supply of hogs compared with the preceding week, but the movement was not large, although considerably exceeding the moderate offerings a year ago. Total Western packing 335,000 compared with 290,000 the preceding week, and 370,000 two weeks ago, according to the Cincinnati Price Current. For corresponding time last year the number was 275,000, and the total is 355,000. From March 1 the total is 10,205,000, against 9,455,000 a year ago—an increase of 750,000. The quality is somewhat variable. Prices are a little easier at the close, prominent markets averaging \$5.00 per one hundred pounds, compared with \$5.65 a week ago, \$5.45 two weeks ago, \$7.35 a year ago and \$6.35 two years ago.

Beef is in quiet demand at nearly unchanged prices. The arrivals of fresh beef for the week have shown a slight increase for export and a corresponding decrease in the supply for Boston. The total was 155 cars for Boston and 133 cars for export, a total of 288 cars; preceding week, 169 cars for Boston and 111 cars for export, a total of 280 cars; same week a year ago, 127 cars for Boston and sixty-eight cars for export, a total of 195 cars.

Grain Firm.

Conflicting reports from the crops have caused varying prices, but the tendency has been upward. The firmness in the corn market is quite pronounced and is a result of low temperature and threatened frosts in various parts of the country. The supply of corn on hand for immediate sale is not large, and there is active demand at Eastern markets and for export. A dispatch from Iowa says: "Outlook for corn unsatisfactory. Even with perfect weather here until October it is doubtful if the yield exceeds two hundred million, against 288,000,000 last year, and 261,000,000 past thirteen years average."

The firmness of wheat prices is owing to the scarcity of current supplies and the expectation of a good export demand. The crop is without doubt a large one, notwithstanding the shortages and drawbacks in certain sections. The yield in the Northwest and Canada promises to be large and of good quality. Thousands of Eastern laborers are being engaged to help at the harvesting, which is now under way.

The flour trade has improved during the week, demand being fully equal to the make. Predictions are freely made that this week's export trade will show an increase, as several large lots are under negotiation. Owing to their scarcity, but little business is being done in clear, and high prices are ruling. The movement of new wheat is expected to induce much heavier operation of Northwestern mills, and more of these grades will then be put forward.

... I find that a great thing in this world is no so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.



SCENES ON A LEADING TRUCK FARM OF LONG ISLAND.

Showing the buildings and scenes during the ice harvest. See descriptive article.

The Saunterer.

Many people do not believe in foreign missions, and take great comfort in alluding to Dickens' bit of satire about sending flannel jackets to the natives of Booriboola Gha, and I encountered a girl the other evening who was of a somewhat similar turn of thought.

"What's the use of trying to convert the heathen?" she asked. "Heaven is overcrowded now, and I do not believe that I will be able to get even my toe within the pearly gates."

This reminds me of the old Irish woman, who was told by her pastor that she would never occupy a high place in the domain guarded by St. Peter unless she led a more pious and charitable life. Her answer was: "Well, your reverence, I never was a bit pushing, and I'd be content if I could squeeze in anywhere."

Speaking of religious subjects recalls to my mind a little incident that occurred on a sea-going steamer not long since. With some other passengers I was seated on the promenade deck when a Catholic clergyman joined the group. He was a jovial, good-natured kind of a man, who was ready to give and take in all the innocent witticisms which were being passed about, and was always prompt with a pat answer to any questions that were propounded. At last when the conversation began to flag a little, one of the ladies present, with feminine bluntness, exclaimed:

"I think you priests should marry."

"Surely, madam," was the quick response, "you do not wish us to have any more trouble than we have now."

The lady's husband enjoyed the joke hugely, and led the laughter in which his good wife merrily participated. This made good digestion wait on appetite and health on both when the supper tangle sounded a few minutes later.

Excursions are now the order of the day, and I was not even surprised when my old acquaintance, Squeeze, who is notoriously close, told me he had invited a young lady to ride with him in the suburbs.

"Are you going to take her out behind a pair?" I inquired, innocently. "Or are you simply to have a one-horse shay?"

"Oh, he answered quickly, "I'm going to use a trolley car to show her the beauties of Boston's environs."

"But," I remonstrated, "that is rather a cheap way to entertain a feminine friend."

"No, it isn't," he replied, indignantly; "this is to be a long trip, and it's going to cost me twenty cents—ten cents for each of us."

"I hope you'll throw in the soda," was my parting shot, as he disappeared rapidly round the corner, as if he feared that two dimes would disappear mysteriously before he had an opportunity to show his generosity.

One of my business friends was bragging to me yesterday about the great precautions he had taken to prevent the spread of flames in his establishment in case there should be a fire.

"I have everything ready," he remarked, "in the way of prevention. For instance, look at that hose; it can be used to great advantage at a moment's notice."

I took hold of the nozzle of the much-praised apparatus, and found that it had dissolved its partnership with its former leather continuation. The hose proper had simply rotted off from disuse. After that my companion suddenly discovered that he had an engagement, but before he left me I could not help saying maliciously:

"Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better, and there is nothing like leather when it is properly supervised."

The Pear Harvest.

Pick most of the pears before fully ripe, especially the early varieties. If the stem parts freely from the branch the pear is ready to pick. Handle carefully all through. Use the cleanest and neatest package you can get.

Pack under cover to keep all clean, and pack honestly, keeping out all wormy and poor fruit, which can be fed to the hogs or sold at home as culls. Then you will not be ashamed to put your name on your package. Have them as good in the bottom of the package as at the top, and you will become known as an honest grower and packer, and will get much better prices than by putting a few poor ones into the packages and spoiling the whole sample. E. E. BEMAN.

Newcastle, Ont.

ceedingly low prices of horses in the United States, and later by the demand in South Africa and elsewhere abroad. The increase since 1894 in the number of horses exported annually is nearly, if not quite, equal to one-fifth the number ordinarily required to supply the demand in cities and elsewhere outside the farms. Such a great relative increase in the demand for horses could not fail to powerfully affect selling values.

The early fair catches the crowd. At least this has been the fact with fairs held so far this season, pleasant weather and extra large attendance being the rule. Many of the programmes show a commendable effort to purge out objectionable or useless features. The result seems to show that well-managed, sensible fairs are appreciated.

Literature.

A collection of short stories appears under the general title, "The Guardianship of God." The tales are by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel and relate to life in India, a realm with which the author is thoroughly familiar. The first one, which gives its name to the volume, relates to the overseer of a jail in upper India and his disreputable brother, and is a powerfully written narrative abounding in realistic descriptions. "A Bad Character Suit," which follows, is no less vigorous in character drawing and in the presentation of unusual incidents, in which a private soldier is dismissed from the British service for drunkenness, and is watched over by a native servant until he dies in performing a deed of valor. But all the stories are excellent in their way, not forgetting "The Doll-Maker," in which a woman who is tempted is saved from falling by the Christmas recollection of her boys at home in England. Mrs. Steel writes with a masculine strength in which a feminine touch is not wanting when occasion demands, and much of her work is as good as that through which Rudyard Kipling has his way. [New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$5.00.]

"Character Reading," by Mrs. Symes, is a small volume that is well described by its title. It covers a great deal of ground concisely, and the peculiarities of the science or theory of physiognomy are abundantly set forth so that its main points can be readily understood. Of course the publication is not an infallible guide, but it furnishes many suggestions that may be followed with profit. It concludes with an alphabetical list of the various attributes that are revealed by the face and its features, which is well enough in its way if the signs are not relied upon too implicitly. [Akron, O.: The Seaside Publishing Company. Price, 60 cents.]

The irrepressible Mary MacLane is with us once again as a contributor to the gaiety of the public in "My Friend Annabel Lee," a collection of immature reflections in which men, humanity and things are discussed by the author and a Japanese image that is inconspicuously named after one of Edgar Allan Poe's poetical heroines. Miss MacLane is not without facility as a writer, and this, with her keen perceptive faculties, enables her to present a pen picture that is not without truth in its reproduction of actual happenings. Her description of the people she sees at the South Station, Boston, is felicitous, and has at times the spice of feminine wit, or, shall we say sarcasm, and her estimate of Minnie Madden Fiske as an actress shows close powers of observation, even if it fails to exhibit the trained skill of the professional dramatic critic. She also has a great admiration for one of Boston's adopted story-tellers, as she shows in a chapter on The Young Books of Trowbridge, and her impressions of Montreal are recorded in a pleasantly imaginative spirit. For the rest of her effusions it may be said that while they are never dull, they are often the offspring of a mind that has not yet outgrown its youthful egotisms. We have met with many high school girls who resembled Miss MacLane, maidens who thought they knew more than their fathers and mothers, and who believed heaven had given them a mission to enlighten the world. The author of this book is just now in the state of development that precludes any possibility of predicting her future literary career. She may turn out a genius, but she is more likely to mature into a woman who will laugh at her youthful audacity and self-conceit. [Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. Price, \$1.00.]

Arthur Morrison, the author of "The Hole in the Wall" and "Tales of Mean Streets," has written a genuinely interesting series of detective adventures in "The Red Triangle," which he details the further experiences of Martin Hewitt. The leading criminal here is a dominating personage,

who rules his confederates with a rod of iron, and who brands those who do not succeed with a symbol that is a terror and a warning to their associates. There is plenty of stirring incident in the novel, and the attention of the reader is kept constantly on the alert by new surprises, in which the detective and the man he is pursuing figure with astonishing results. The diamond robbery, to which we are introduced in the opening pages, is followed by bond stealing and the disappearance of a secret Government cypher of great importance, to say nothing of other equally exciting happenings, from which even murder is not missing. The chase for the wretch who wields the red triangle is marked by exceedingly ingenious situations and novel complications, and the story is one that will please those who like constantly stirring action that is not entirely removed from probability. Mr. Morrison's style is so forcibly direct that he always leaves the impression that he is speaking of actual occurrences, and not of the creations of his own fertile brain. [Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

"The Gentleman from Jay," by George William Louttit, is an amusing account of the career of a State legislator from the rural districts. The character resembles Jefferson Scuttering Butkins so long familiar to our local stage. The mistakes of Squire Thomas Tucker of the village of Ploverville, both within and without the halls of legislation, are full of food for innocent laughter, though some of the scenes are humorously exaggerated almost beyond the possibility of their occurrence. There is a pretty love story running through these pages in which a farm hand, who wins the love of the squire's daughter, defeats a rival in the person of a young attorney, and saves her father from the White Caps, who have been incited to action against the old man because he refused to vote for a bill to raise the salary of the sheriff. The book shows familiarity with the wire-pulling of lobbyists and other discreditable political methods. [New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. Price, \$1.25.]

"The History of Johnny Que Genus, the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax," a poem by the author of the "Three Tours," is the sufficiently comprehensive title of a handsome reprint from the edition published by R. Ackermann in the year 1822. The hero of this story in verse, it will be remembered, is supposed to be a kind of English Gull Blase, and his adventures are amusing enough to be recalled, even if the narrator does not rise to great heights as a satirist and humorous poet. The book was written when he was nearing his eightieth year, and at an age when even Homer has had nodded. The chief attractions of the volume, however, are the twenty-four colored illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson, for whom the lines were originally written. These pictures with all their shortcomings, judged by modern standards, have a spirited happiness in the portrayal of character and in the depiction of dramatically ludicrous scenes that is infinitely amusing. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

A handsome book with drawings by Karl Anderson appears in "Monsigny," by Justus Miles Forman. The heroine of this novel, by the author of "Journeys End," is said to have no rival, as far as beauty is concerned, in Europe. She is the heiress of Chateau Monsigny, an estate which is one of the oldest of its kind in France. Here is enacted a love drama in which a female villain plays a prominent part in trying to wed the father of the young woman and to ruin the lover of his daughter. The adventures are finally defeated, and a pair of turtle doves rejoice at the conclusion of the story that all their troubles are over. The novel is full of romantic charm and the incidents never verge on the sensational, though we have not read a more dramatic piece of fiction for many a day. In its naturalness of character drawing, too, it shows an intimate knowledge of human nature. [New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

A fascinating autobiography is this life story of Joseph Le Conte, the American scientist, written informally for his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The career of a man who became a patient investigator, a wise geologist and fearless, truth-loving thinker will be an inspiration to all who aim to achieve something besides commercial success in this life. Born on a Georgia plantation, in 1825, Professor Le Conte was given the best education the college at Athens, Ga., afforded, and then he went to New York city to attend the College of Physicians and Surgeons. A trip through the Northwest in 1844 had a great influence on his future career, for although he received the degree of doctor of medicine a year later, it was not with the idea of practicing, but rather as the best preparation for science. Trips to the Georgia Mountains increased his love and

interest in nature, and although he took up private practice in Macon for a very few years, he soon found that he was not in his right place. It was his studies with Louis Agassiz, who had just become professor of geology and zoology at Harvard, that best prepared him for his life work, and after fifteen months at Cambridge he was called to the professorship of sciences at Oglethorpe University, Midway, Ga. Later he taught successfully at the University of Georgia and at the South Carolina College, all the time continuing his own studies and researches. After thirteen years with the South Carolina College and University, during which time the awful war of the Rebellion occurred, he went to San Francisco and became one of the pioneer professors of the University of California. Geology had now become his favorite department, and as a thorough understanding of this branch of science requires much travel, his trips to the Sierras, especially to the Yosemite valley, became frequent as the years sped on. As he advanced in knowledge his papers and lectures took on increased importance. The university enjoyed a healthy growth and the intellectual life in Berkeley was stimulating. The summer camping excursions and travels enabled Professor Le Conte to make marked advances in his researches, and by the time his book on "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought" was published, he had a national if not international reputation. Visits to Europe and chats with some of her famous scientists broadened his scope of work and with his growing reputation as a scientist, he was an exceedingly busy man almost up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1901.

His contributions to the world's knowledge and thought is best summed up in his own words in the last chapter of the autobiography. He says, in part: "In science . . . my paper in 1839 on the correlation of physical, chemical and vital forces gave, I think, both impulse and greater definiteness to scientific thought on that subject. . . . My researches on the phenomena of binocular vision, I am sure, did clear up the thought in this field. . . . In geology I believe some real substantial advance in science was made in my series of papers: (1) on the structure and origin of mountain ranges; (2) on the genesis of metalliferous veins; (3) especially in that on critical periods in the history of the earth; (4) on the demonstration of the Ozarkian, or better, the Sierran epoch, as one of great importance in the history of the earth. . . . In biology, my views on glycozoen, although not yet certain, have undoubtedly contributed to clearness of scientific thought on that important subject. In philosophy, I look back with especial pleasure on my writings on evolution. I lay no claim to the discovery of new facts bearing on the theory of evolution, but only to have cleared up its nature and scope, and especially to have shown its true relation to religious thought." [New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.]

Upton Sinclair, who was responsible for depicting the public with the "Journal of Arthur Sterling," has attempted to write a satire on modern society in "Prince Hagen," which is described as "a phantasy." Here is a quotation:

"What do you do?"

"I am an author," I replied.

"That means you write books?" said he.

"What sort of books?"

"Mainly," said I, "I edit the books of friends who drown themselves."

The story of this ineffectual satire is inconsequential. That which is preached here has been preached before, with better effect. "I tell you there's no one in all this world to cringe to a foreign nobleman like your genuine free-born American!" has a familiar ring, which certainly did not originate with the author of this book. With the politicians, the press and society worshipping Prince Hagen, he of noble blood, silver tongue, as rich as Croesus, and the master of about everything, the writer takes a pessimistic view of the American people. But it is highly improbable that this nightmare will be taken seriously by those who read it. [Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.]

Mr. Hyne has progressed materially as a finished novelist since he began to write, and making due allowances for the skyrocket career of his hero the book under consideration is an admirable one. The author is dependent upon a series of episodes for the purpose of maintaining an unlagging interest in the story, but the same may also be said of "The Virginian." Some of his character work is at least original, especially that which he has created for Fletcher Bentley, a narrow-minded, unscrupulous Bradford tradesman, who first attempted to cheat the firm of Asquith & Thompson and then prepared to forge

their signatures. The indomitable Thompson makes the selfish and scheming Bentley first acknowledge his offense and then compels him to become a philanthropist. The latter role is a new one for the fifty-year-old Bentley to play, but when once he started on his charities he became a fanatic on the subject and eventually gave away about everything he possessed. Thompson appeals to the reader strongly, because of his intensely human traits which he displays, even after he has become a manufacturer of international reputation. This is a good wholesome story of English life and character of a few decades ago which abounds in humor and incident. [New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50.]

Tom Thompson, the hero of C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne's latest novel, was a collier's son who had a meteoric career. Starting in as a weaver he forced himself into partnership with his employer, developed talents for business which far exceeded his partner's, and after the first went down in a panic he built anew the business and finally gained the hand of the girl he sought, and, incidentally, a baronetcy. Thompson was a born preacher, and even when success came to him early in life he could not resist the temptation to arise early, and with his faithful dog Clara seek game on some one else's preserves. So skillfully did this rich young manufacturer continue to violate the law that he was never detected, except once, and then he so admired the fair young woman who caught him in the act that he decided that he would win her for his wife. The daughter of a prosperous tradesman to whom he was then paying considerable attention was forgotten, and Thompson, the junior but managing partner of the firm of Asquith & Thompson, henceforth had but one object in view—to win the hand and heart of the high-bred Mary Norreys. The principal obstacle in his way was Mary's father, who did not take kindly to the attention which the self-made collier's son paid to his daughter. Thompson followed Norreys and Mary to America, where he became mixed up in the stirring events which characterized the career of the Ku Klux Klann, and after he had acted the part of the hero and won the heart of Mary he received word from England that the firm of Asquith & Thompson had gone under on Black Thursday. Without attempting to take the prize which was already within his reach he hastened home, and attempted with success to build up his lost fortunes. Eventually he was in a position to satisfy the exacting requirements of Mary's father.

Louise Betts Edwards has gone far from home—into the interior of China, in fact—for the principal scenes of her novel, "The Tu-Tze's Tower," and she has introduced a combination of characters which are as unusual as is the construction of her plot. A trio of women furnish the brisk dialogue, which is, after all, the brightest part of the book. Mrs. Blaize, the widow of an explorer author, finds that she has the trade fever, and rejecting the offer of an attaché of the British embassy, stationed at Washington, this widow of thirty, after securing for a companion and maid a Massachusetts spinster, again seeks the wilds of the Thibet. Emma Guthrie, the maiden lady who accompanied Winifred Blaize, is constantly showing her Puritan traits, and even if overdrawn, after the manner of the Down-East types which shine on the theatrical stage, she amuses the reader from the start. The third person to join the two American women is Candace Roberts, the daughter of a former American missionary, and a Chinese convert, both of whom are hopeless cases of opium eaters. This young girl has been sold as a slave, but is repurchased by the indignant Emma Guthrie and the three are together when they reach the land over which Tu-Tze rules. This monarch falls desperately in love with Winifred Blaize, but his proposals are good-naturedly rejected for a time. But the more Tu-Tze sees of the American woman the more determined he is that she shall become his wife, and at last she is a prisoner in his tower. The other two escape and notify the Englishman, Traquair, at Washington, of the imprisonment of Winifred. Traquair, accompanied by Lambert Love, hastens half-way around the globe to rescue her, only to find that she has grown to admire and love the Tu-Tze, and is content to remain a willing prisoner—his wife. There are many faults in the construction of the plot, but the story is saved from being absurd by the interesting delineation of character, the quaintness of the humor and the thrilling pictures of events which take place in the Orient. The author possesses a facile pen, and her narrative is alluring even with its glaring faults. She seems to have found a fresh theme for her novel, one which will be read with avidity by those who are not connoisseurs. [Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Price, \$1.00.]

Brilliant.

O my soul, be not afraid:
On him who thee and all things made
Do thou all calmly rest.
What'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heaven know
In all things what is best.

—Paul Fleming.

Wandering one long summer day,
Where freshening all an endless way,
The faint shell's color sunlit through,
Wild roses in the wild hedge grew,
Thought I: "There's a world of rest,
Where in the hedge wild roses are."

Through stony dities oft I pass
Tomb'd over the forgotten grass;
No roses in their lanes to climb,
No flowering as in flowering time;
Yet seems not any pathway dear
That children, like wild roses, cheer.

—Walter Headlam.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant shore,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

—W. W. Whitman.

No man can choose what comes hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring into each hour
To meet its challenge—this is in his power.

Give me a heart that beats
In all its pulses with the common heart
Of human kind, which the same things make glad,
The same make sorry! Give me grace enough
Even in their first beginnings to detect
The endeavors which the proud heart still is making

To cut itself from off the common root,
To set itself upon a private base,
To have wherewith to glory of its own,
Beside the common glory of the kind!

Each such attempt in all its hateful pride
And meanness, give me to detect and loathe—
A man, and claiming fellowship with men!

—Trench.

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ness, Minneapolis.
 It seems to us a book which those who are fond of
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MASSACHUSETTS FLOUGHMAN

TELEPHONE NO. 3707 MAIN.

We foresee that Mrs. Graeme Hunter is in danger of being referred to as Mrs. Cup Hunter.

The visiting druggists are taking the only drug that the school of medicine agrees upon; namely, a vacation.

Labor Day is always more of a success when the weather is such that one wouldn't object to labor even if he had to.

The possibility that fashion may return to crinolines is very much increased by the ease with which she is returning to high-heeled shoes.

Without wishing to exhibit undue pride it is worthy of note that the Chief Executive's idea of the consular service is not very far away from that already advanced by the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

The Chinaman quoted by the Savannah News asks a pertinent question. If missionaries prepare for Chinamen for Heaven, it does seem a bit concealed not to admit him into the United States.

There are a number of sermons latent in the muskrat who bored a hole through the Erie Canal bank the other day at Dumbarton and cost the State of New York about \$10,000 to repair the damage.

Now that Mr. O'Donnell of the Barbers Union has been saying things about some of the local barber shops, it remains to be seen how far the conversational training of the barber prepares him to talk back.

We hope that Sir Thomas feels that a small cup is better than no cup at all, but we have our doubts. They do not include, however, any doubt that he appreciates the present from Scituate as a personal tribute.

Waltham has been having an unusual opportunity to study the industries of the United States. The subject lesson comes out with the opening of the schools, on which occasion there were, undoubtedly, a certain number of suggestions.

We cannot yet agree with the boulevard that the reception of the Baccante is responsible for the opinion of France that we deserve only a consular visit. We are inclined to credit it to our enthusiastic reception of Prince Henry.

Chicago seems to take undue pride in the achievement of a young man in trimming a hat. We even knew of a family not so very many miles from Boston wherein the son and heir devoted himself to millinery and the daughter and heiress studied for a lawyer.

No, it is not the wild and woolly West that is figuring in the papers because a daughter has insisted upon striking the word "obey" from her approaching wedding and going on her honeymoon in bloomers afterward. It is said conservative New England, and as represented by peaceful Vermont into the bargain.

That mysterious case of cattle disease at Wakefield, Mass., is still a mystery. The scientists of the United States Cattle Bureau are making all sorts of tests, even planting the germs in healthy cattle to see if the disease is the real article, but so far they are unwilling to state conclusions. No other cases have been found.

Few individuals will very deeply regret the failure of the latest American expedition that has been looking for treasures on the Cocos Islands. The treasure still remains for the rest of us to look for when we have the spare time. Meantime it is not wise to advance funds to the inmates of Spanish prisons in the hope of securing part of other treasures which they have personally buried in Cuba.

There is a suggestion of other sports than automobile in some of Mr. Henley's verses in his recently published "Song of Speed." In the lines, for example, "It was a bowl of roses; There in the light they lay, Laughing, glowing, glowing Their life away," one can almost imagine that the poet has been reciting something or other about canoeing on our own Charles.

The great trouble with foreign immigration is not the quantity, but the kind. What we need are fewer organ-grinders, peddlers and rag-pickers and a few more thousands of stout, hard-working English, Irish and German farm hands. They would receive wages such as immigrant farm help never had since the world began, besides a chance to hitch their ambitions to the best farms they feel they can pay for. If the immigration agents would boom the farm-help business, they would be of more use to their country.

Now that the summer season is almost over it seems unnecessary to warn dancers against the unhappy fate that recently befell two enthusiastic waltzers at Spring Lake, Connecticut. The hall in which they waltzed looks out upon the lake through long windows which, when open, are evidently not unlike doors; and through one of these windows, to the surprise and nervous shock of watchful chaperones, the two dancers, lost in the mazes of the waltz, absent-mindedly whirled each other into the bosom of the waters. To give the story a happy ending it may be added that the chaperones and others promptly fished them out again.

The professional tramp has evidently seen his best days. During the recent years of abundant work and scarce high-priced labor the public has become less and less inclined to accept excuses from those who make a business of loafing and begging. Scores of the idle gentry have been arrested the past summer, and many localities have become very hot for tramps, apart from weather conditions. In most other sections offers of work were so persistent and urgent that the average vagrant suffers considerable mental strain getting through a town unemployed. The number of tramps has certainly decreased. Those who remain are at present nearly all of the most worthless or dangerous sort and deserve no kind of toleration.

Cheap eggs from Russia seem to be causing much needless worry among English poultry keepers. The eggs are sold at prices which must net the producers not over half a cent per egg. On an average, about seventy in one hundred "are bad—the thirty others are so-so"; far from first-class.

The nearby producer who cannot keep out of reach of such competition as this, must be a very poor hand at the business. The real threat to English egg raisers is from American and Canadian fresh, tested eggs sent in cold storage. But the nearby egg raiser, so far as now appears, has a distinct advantage and has less than most other producers to fear from remote competition. Cheap grain and mild climate even are always more than offset by the higher prices received for fresh-laid eggs sold direct to consumers.

Most of the fairs have been making an honest effort to clean out the immoral and disreputable features. The improvement in this line is quite marked in the case of certain exhibitions during the past four or five years. Few reputable managers nowadays care to be held responsible for unclean and illegal features, and when such enterprises obtain a temporary foothold, it is usually done by a false entry under guise of some harmless project. Visitors who notice anything of the kind should enter a vigorous protest at the central office. In nearly all such cases the managers will stop the nuisance at once. If they will not, there is plenty of law in the land to secure suppression or arrest and conviction of sharps and fairs for gambling or obscenity. A few visitors at every fair determined to see the laws enforced would insure a work of purification that would greatly strengthen the real standing of all fairs worth keeping alive.

The Parson as a Censor and Teacher.

One of the few important news dispatches on social subjects that we have noted this past week recorded that the Rev. Dean Richmond Babbitt made an appeal in his Sunday sermon at the Church of the Epiphany, New York, for Christian earnestness and dignity as a corrective of the abuses of fashion in various circles of society. "I am more and more convinced," he is reported to have said, "that we of the clergy must preach clearly, pointedly and as forcefully as possible the sins and follies of the times, that we must dwell less on the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt and more on the exodus of Christian virtues from American life. Each one of us is the keeper of the Church, and public opinion to the extent of our social abilities and influence, and it is just as necessary for us to carry out reforms in ourselves and neighbors, if possible as it would be to reform the entire nation, which is impossible. There are many ways," this earnest speaker continued, "to look at the selfish, wasteful, indecorous, baneful and often insane antics of the so-called 'smart-set.' The example of these people is pestilent to democratic America, their lives are a violation of all moral sanity, their ethical standard is most reprehensible; with all their false glitter and brilliant frippery they stand for degradation and mark a rapid descent into that Avernum for the senses where lie buried all the best and choicest of human aspirations." A very good beginning, it seems to us, for the modern pulpit. Philip Morris Babbitt is advocating.

We do not propose to discuss the particular charges he here makes against society; rather too lately have we made similar charges ourselves. But we do wish to be put on record as endorsing his view that it is "up to" the clergy to take the voice of the day in hand. Sometimes this can be done in the hammer and long fashion of the address quoted. But more often, we believe, the simple expository method will be found more feasible. In other words, the clergy will get on better and give less offense as teachers than as censors. Whatever may be true of Roman Catholics, Protestants will not go to church to be scolded. But they will go for good, sound instruction concerning the better and the best. And such it is the clear duty of the church to dispense. We listened a few Sundays ago, to a very simple but admirably sensible and thoroughly sincere sermon by an unpretending country clergyman on that most important subject, "Marriage." As it happened, there was a good representation of intelligent summer people from several of our important cities in church that Sunday morning.

And that they marked and inwardly digested the earnest words of the plain little sermon, which insisted that marriage should be undertaken soberly, advisedly and in the fear of God (as the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church proclaims) we have no doubt whatever. When the little service was over we discussed the choice of subject with another clergyman, who had heard it from his summer place in the pews, venturing at the same time the opinion that such topics should be treated with much more frequency by our spiritual pastors and masters. The clergyman listened and then replied, "But those matters would best be taught in the home." The opportunity to point out that the church must set the standard, blaze the way, mark the pace for the home was too good a one to lose. And of course we improved it properly.

The Human Race in America.

This is a good day for the race—the human race—it appears. For after a good deal of worry over what our President has been pleased to call "race suicide," the nation's chief statistician, who is backed up by thousands of figures on hundreds of carefully tabulated little white cards, now announces that our birth rate guarantees a distinct increase in our population, that we are indeed perpetuating ourselves in a manner exceeded only by Italy and Hungary. "Race suicide has no foundation, in fact, according to the returns of the twelfth census," declares this important functionary. "There has been much talk concerning this proposition in recent months, but our vital statistics indicate that any belief that the race is dying out in the United States is a mere chimera. Most of the arguments in favor of the proposition probably are predicated on incomplete figures for isolated localities."

Of course this authority, Mr. William A. King, uses the term "race suicide" in a different sense from that in which it is used by President Roosevelt, who has given the discussion of the question point and interest for the public. For Mr. King's figures do not settle the matter of Anglo-Saxon race suicide. None the less the information conveyed by his little cards is of distinct and widespread interest. These cards show that in 1900, when the twelfth census enumerators were at work, there were no less than 2,039,132 children born in the United States and that during the same period, the total number of deaths reported was 1,039,094. In other words, there were 1,000,038 more births than deaths. It must be remembered that these figures do not represent all the births and deaths which occurred in the United States in that year. But the birth statistics would be sure to be the more incomplete of the two. International statistics available in Washington

show that only two European countries, Austria-Hungary and Italy, lead a greater birth rate than did we. These same figures show that from June 1, 1890, until May 1, 1900, the average annual excess of births over deaths in the United States was 17.7 per thousand of population, while Prussia stood next in this respect with 14.7 per thousand. Then came Holland with fourteen per thousand; Norway with 13.9; Denmark with 12.6; Scotland with 11.9, and England and Wales with 11.7. France and Ireland have the nearest approximation in foreign lands to race suicide. In the former the average annual birth rate for the decade was 22.2, the death rate 21.6, thus making the excess of births over deaths only six. In Ireland the average annual birth rate was twenty-three, the death rate 18.1 and the excess of births over deaths only 4.9 per thousand population. Statisticians King none the less points out that in this country twice as many children are born of foreign parents as of native stock, which probably brings us back to President Roosevelt.

The figures as they apply to New England are of special interest to us, of course. These show that our annual death rate of native children of white parentage exceeds the birth rate by 1.5 per thousand. But the latest statistics indicate rather encouragingly that the native white birth-rate figures have come up in these parts during the past two years. So the old New England stock may not die out after all. And all the while it is being renewed by an infusion of life from those removed only a generation from "foreign-born parents," which is an excellent thing, since in no foreign countries save France and Ireland are the birth rates low. Socially, too, birth is looking up. It is no longer considered a disgrace to have children. Young mothers are encouraged by the admiration of their friends to appear in company with their children and men of good position even walk out occasionally with their young sons. For much of this change of American base President Roosevelt is to be thanked. Whatever one may find to criticize in his methods, there are none so narrow, we believe, as to refuse him the credit he deserves as a good, intelligent and self-respecting father. The increase of Whitman readers has been another factor, we believe, in raising the reputation of children in the home. No one could read for long the splendid lines in which Walt celebrates the fruitful mother of children and the lusty father of strong young men without feeling an added respect for motherhood and fatherhood.

Still another factor, though a lesser one, we would say, is the fact that so many people read the book, but thousands heard of it, tens of thousands saw suggestive paragraphs from it, and scores of thousands benefited by the reflex action of the great work. The result of all these influences is that birth has been rendered respectable. The avenue by which the whole human race enters upon life's journey has now been transmitted from a back street of rather unsavory reputation into a broad, high road upon which travel is encouraged. So this is, indeed, a good day for the human race.

Too Much Zeal.

Some of our police officers are inclined to show too much zeal in many instances. In order to make a good showing they are apt to arrest a perfectly innocent person on the slightest suspicion, and, even when they have discovered they have made mistakes, will apparently persist in accusing the prisoners until they secure convictions. They will never acknowledge they are wrong and they often approach perjury in their determination to maintain a false position.

In the matter of taking young women into custody, they frequently make fearful errors, but they nearly always brutally decline to apologize for lack of judgment. In this age of freedom for women, young girls are on the street late at night without male escorts on perfectly honest errands, and, indeed, there is no reason why they should not be, even if they do run the risk of being annoyed by the unsought-for attentions of masculine rascals, who are seldom or never called to account for their gross and impertinent remarks and lewd behavior.

The case of the young girl who was sentenced to Sherborn last week appears to be a pitiable one, which should secure the consideration of good women who do not wish to see the members of their sex abused. Unfortunately, she was visiting in a locality that is now regarded with distrust, but which was once eminently respectable. Still there are many reputable people living there now, and the whole neighborhood must not be included in a sweeping condemnation. This young woman was taken to the station house on the supposition that she was a person who had been frequenting the streets for three weeks for immoral purposes. It is asserted that she has been in town from her country home only one week. If this statement can be proved to be correct, there has been a great injustice done, which should be speedily righted, not only in court, but by severe reprimands in the police department.

In the meanwhile, it would be well to remember that there are men who make a business of addressing women pleasantly for no good end on the public thoroughfares, both day and night, and that young and inexperienced girls are often induced to listen

to these sounders without understanding fully the import of their words. If more of these contemptible wretches, young and old, were brought to the bar of justice, there would not be perhaps so many weak women sentenced for offenses which they had no intention of committing.

The Friendly Stranger.

The story of an old man who has been "bounced" out of his hard earnings, has become a familiar one, extending even further back than the time when a once distinguished diplomat was induced to sign a check for a large amount through the misrepresentations of well-dressed and gentlemanly appearing adventurer.

The most recent victim of the so-called film-fam game comes from Cambridge, the university city of intelligence and broad culture. Surely one would think that a man would have his eyes wide open in this place if nowhere else, but this aged toiler seems to have been taken in by the flimsiest of pretences.

Bunco steers are more common than people imagine. Many get into their toils and suffer financially without making known their losses, for fear of exciting ridicule or from dread of acquiring undesirable notoriety. And they thus help a dishonest set of men who are too cautious to indulge in downright thievery, but who are too lazy to work for a living, though they are not without a large share of shrewdness and a keen knowledge of human nature.

These people haunt the purlieus of the markets in the great cities, in the hope of meeting some unsophisticated visitor to the town and the popular seaside resorts, where people in a pursuit of pleasure are of their guard, with an inclination to have faith in all mankind. But the confidence man is always on hand, ready with his snake-like tongue to lubricate the unwary wayfarer, previous to swallowing him whole, figuratively speaking. It is well to be on the watch for smooth talking, friendly mannered strangers. They are not what they seem.

Remarkable Devon Cow.

The Devon cow, Songstress 2d, subject of this sketch, was bred and is now owned by B. F. Jones, South Montrose, Pa. She is a true type of a dual-purpose Devon. She has the true beef conformation, being broad and level in build and of that low-down type for which all feeders of prime beef are looking.

This cow gave in September, 1898, when two years old, 373 pounds of milk per day, on grass alone, no grain feed. As a six-year-old she gave fifty-one pounds per day on grass, with no grain feed. Her milk when tested with the Babcock machine has always tested four per cent, butter fat. She has been milked almost continuously since she was two years old. She has never been thoroughly fitted for the show ring, but has won more or less in prizes every year of her life.

In 1899, as a three-year-old, she won first in her class at the New York State Fair and also the female championship of the breed; in 1902 also standing first in class at Hartford, Pa., and having been a member of the grand championship herd, open to all breeds, and a member of the first prize Devon herd.

In 1902 her dam, Songstress 10375, won the grand championship prize at Montrose as the best female of any breed. The accompanying cut was engraved by S. J. Kelly & Co. of Binghamton, N. Y., from a photo by W. E. Griswold, and is a very correct representation.

Advising the Farmers.

This is the time of year when distinguishing officials like to give a bit of counsel to the farmers at the fairs. Talk of this kind is usually made along general lines, and is well received, provided the speaker is both sensible and popular.

Thus President Roosevelt at the New York State Fair, last week, emphasized the nation's present need of the more substantial many qualities generally developed by country life. "It is not enough," said the President, "to be well-meaning and kindly, but weak; neither is it enough to be strong, unless morality and decency go hand in hand with strength. We must possess the qualities which make us do our duty in our homes and among our neighbors, and in addition we must possess the qualities which are indispensable to the makeup of every great and masterful nation—the qualities of courage and hardihood, of individual initiative and yet power to combine for a common end, and, above all, the resolute determination to permit no man and no set of men to sunder us one from the other by lines of caste or creed or section." Surely, if these robust qualities are to come to the front, their source must be the farms, those reservoirs of vigor and strong, natural manhood.

Institutes, farm literature and good examples have changed all that, and a good proportion of representative farmers in these sections know rather closely just what they are doing and are able to figure out to the fraction of a cent the usual cost of their milk, butter, hay or fruit. Their farms, too, are by no means running behind in productiveness. It is true, however, in a general way, that the tendency to exactness of system and saving of the odds and ends must increase with the growth of competition and the lowering of the margin of profit. The modern farmer needs a better business training than that which served his father well enough, and his children will need still better equipment to hold their own in the same occupation.

No Unnecessary Delay.

It is fortunate, all things considered, that Admiral Cotton was sent to Beirut, though many still assert that this action was premature. His warships appear to have had a deterrent effect upon the Turks, even though they indicate vigorously that they would prefer the room of the American men-of-war to their company. They will not, however, dare to object as strenuously as did the Spaniards to the appearance of the Maine in front of Havana. They would, no doubt, like to take part in a mysterious occurrence, but they have not the facilities for blowing up a vessel of the American navy at present.

The foreign Christian population at Beirut rejoice over our display of naval strength, for, amid the race disturbances, they would stand a poor show of retaining their lives and property if the Turkish officials were not overawed by an exhibition of superior power. The atrocities that the Turks are capable of committing on Christians are well known from history. They are without mercy in their fanatical belief that Mahomet is the only prophet of God, and that they will be rewarded in a sensual paradise if they display barbarity in slaying the foes of Islam.

The President acted wisely in sending the warships, for dallying and putting the question by regarding the protection of American citizens might have led to wholesale massacres, through the indirect, if not direct, manipulation of Mohammedans clothed with a little brief authority. The Sultan gives us fine phrases, but soft words butter no parsnips, and sometimes they are only the precursors of vile deeds.

When the Powers are alert in looking after their interests in the Turkish dominions the United States cannot stand on one side and say that her people in the land ruled by the Sublime Porte must look after themselves. Sometimes to do a great right it is necessary to do a little wrong, but it seems to us in this case President Roosevelt has done no wrong at all. He simply made a movement to take care of his fellow citizens in an apparently hostile place where there had been attacks made upon our Vice Consul. That it did not happen to be a murderous one does not lessen the value of the President's promptness.

Still Northward.

Commander Peary has the intrepidity and persistence of the born explorer, and it is not surprising to learn that he will continue the Arctic researches in which he has already secured such distinguished honor. It is to be hoped that in his next expedition he will reach the Pole, which has been the goal of so much disappointed ambition. He is more scientific than many of his predecessors in a similar field, and he has so ordered his labors in the region of eternal snow and ice that he has made many advances that have not been destructive of human existence. He faces peril and dangers with intelligence and foresight and rarely fails to attain the point proposed. This makes us have confidence in his ultimate triumph in reaching the North Pole, even if no great material gain is reached by his discovery. His modesty is a candle to his merit, for he is nothing of a braggart and prefers to let his deeds and not his words speak in his favor.

Commander Peary will be liberally sustained financially by the Peary Arctic Club in his new enterprise. His three years' leave of absence from active United States naval duties was accompanied by the best wishes of the Navy Department and its officials. He will go to his destination in a ship designed after his own directions, and it will be, therefore, as well adapted for its purposes as it is possible to be, for Commander Peary's varied experience well qualifies him to make important suggestions and give practical directions. It will not be a vessel of our navy, to be sure, but it will be, no doubt, better fitted out on the account to face the terrors of arctic navigation.

Commander Peary's name in future will be added to the long list of American naval officers who have attained eminence, not only in actual warfare, but in the quieter paths of scientific investigation. His success would crown a life of noble endeavor worthy of the men of old who sailed courageously into an unknown world.

Exhibitions of Woe.

In a sensible article discouraging expensive funerals, the New York Sun calls attention to the fact that the total expense of the burial of Lord Salisbury was only \$70. The simplicity that attended the function was in accordance with the request of a man for many years had been Prime Minister of England, who chose for his last resting-place a grave in the churchyard of his parish church.

This lack of funeral parade is worthy of imitation everywhere, and it may be said there is less display in New England preceding the interment of the mortal remains of relatives than there was in the olden time when people made a luxury of woe, and chose the occasion of mourning for an exhibition of open grief that was often ludicrous instead of being impressive. Many not to the manner born keep up this old show of public sadness, and have long lines of carriages following the hearse to the cemetery with an ornate preliminary service, accompanied by a tiresome address in which there is less truth than poetry. All this usually draws together a gaping crowd of spectators, who had little friendship or even acquaintance with the person whose funeral rites they are attending, and who leave the church with harsh criticisms on their lips instead of words of praise. Why should private sorrow be intruded upon by the multitude at any time, and more especially at the period of death? Then an afflicted

family should be left alone, free from the commonplace conventional words that are intended for consolation, but which really have no soothing effect.

The private burial is daily gaining in favor, and the time will come when only relatives and very near friends will be invited to attend services for the departed, except in cases where those who have been prominent in church or State are to be especially honored by the State or the people. With this change, too, will come the disappearance of the trappings and the suits of woe, the mourning habiliments that are a remnant of useless customs which should pass as did the professional mourners which our fathers once encouraged. A long crape veil does not always indicate real regret, and is incongruous when it is seen on the head of a woman who is enjoying a farcical comedy in the playhouse.

For the fineness and firmness of its flesh and the delicacy of its flavor, the Devon stands unequalled. In growth and size it matures nearly as soon as the Shorthorn, and yields under judicious feeding nicely marbled, fine-grained, juicy beef. They are good feeders, fatten quickly, and while not large animals, their flesh is laid on in the choicest parts.

The Devon does not give a large amount of milk, but it is rich in fats, yielding almost as much butter as the Jersey, and on a much plainer ration. She is an excellent dairy cow if bred in that direction, for she is easy to keep, has a gentle disposition, and is easily managed. She probably produced more milk originally than at the present time, for the breeders have generally been working toward a finer form and heavier carcass, or the best beef laid on in the most profitable parts, and this has naturally lessened her value as a strictly dairy cow.

As a working ox, the Devon can draw a heavier load than any horned beast of his inches. Though smaller than the Herefords and other large cattle, his great strength, moderate size and wonderful activity render him especially valuable on light, sandy soils and on hilly roads. Whether on the road or at the plow he is more than equal to the ordinary duties, and will cover a mile or turn a long furrow much quicker than the slow-stepping, heavier breeds.

A life-long acquaintance with Devons has convinced me of their superior qualities, and if they have faults, they are only such as "lean to virtue's side."

In my own stables I have Jerseys, Guernseys, Holsteins and other breeds with which I am experimenting by way of comparison with Devons, and thus far I am unshaken in my belief that for a "dual-purpose" animal the well-bred Devon is not surpassed by any breed on earth.

I have small cause for dissatisfaction when my Devon butter finds market at thirty cents per pound the year round, and the butchers are eager to secure my surplus stock at top prices.



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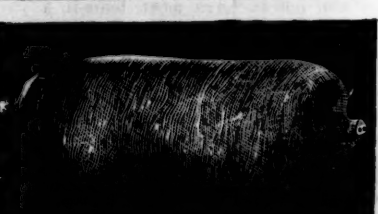
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Poetry.

UNKNOWN.

We do not always know our friends;
I'd talked with him for many a day,
When suddenly he strangely sends
My mind a sense of good he'd laid away!

He quoted Shakespeare, rich in love,
And opened out his eyes so deep;
It seemed we did bright lands explore,
Or were as one in golden realms of sleep!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

SAGE COUNSEL.

The lion is the beast to fight,
He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.

I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward callum
I'd either fall upon the spot
Or lie me up on a leafy palum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt;
He's faster than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front,
The hunter is behind.

The Tyrolean make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois off the chaz-zums;
I'd choose the former, if you please,
For prelopes give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow;
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.

And polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colors of a pris-mum;
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catchis-mum.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black—
There is nothing but noise and din";
And He wept as He sent me back;
"There is more," He said; "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick.
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "You souls are sick,
And souls in the dark endure."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He said, "Choose you tonight,
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, "It is hard to decide;
It will not seem hard in Heaven,
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

—George Macdonald.

WHEN NANETTE BAKES.

When Nanette bakes a jelly cake,
She finds the work so very hard;
She cannot have her near her, for
Her presence's deleterious!

The yellow bowl, so big and clean,
In which she mixes flour,
Is lucky, for her pumpkins clasp
It fully half an hour.

When Nanette bakes a jelly cake,
She puts her whole soul in it;
That's why it is so light and good—
Oh, would that I might win it!

She whips the eggs till they are pale—
Poor things, they'd give her heart-
While I must sit with folded arms
And never once go near her.

When Nanette bakes a jelly cake,
She lets me have a sample;
"Such food as this is ample!"
At my she says I'd give her!

The prospect makes me dizzy—
For one small slice from Nanette's lips,
But she's—she's far too busy!

—Jack Appleton, in Lippincott's.

DUST AND THE SOUL.

Out of the depths of the star dust drew,
Out of the primal pulse in space
That at the Word took shape and place,
Refined through great and fervent heat
To purpling light, to rounded grace.

Out of the dust we gathered life,
We from the pulses of the dust
That while upon the windy quest,
That still to meet the world of sky
Aspires in every grass blade's thrust.

The grass, the flint, the flower, is one
With our own substance, who are one
The little brothers of the star
That through the outer universe
On mighty lines rolls free and far.

Yet one with star dust though the frame,
The spirit which informs its clod
Is that of the archangel's shed
With fire, his flaming ministers,
And but the living breath of God!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

You ask me of the other girls, sweetheart,
That question me on the questions of men,
The end of all the sweethearts' questionings,
And yet, the point at which they all begin!

You ask me of the other girls—Well, this:
God never made a finer lot than these;
Fond lovers never kissed from listlessness
A fairer child than dimpled Eloise.

The pulsing passions of an hundred years
Made sweet in purer ways where virtue sows,
Myriad fountains of the clay have made,
But none so like as star-eyed, laughing Rose.

The sculptor, in his wildest dreams of art,
In tracemans of the light and line,
Could never see the gracious equal find
Of Clementine, my own sweet Clementine.

The poet and the painter, in their turn,
May praise and love the beauties that they
Know,
Nor none in all their dreamings find
One equalling the charms of little Cio.

Man never wooed a finer lot of girls—
He never made a finer lot to woo;
He never made red lips so like the rose,
Nor languid eyes more like the glinting dew.

You ask me of the other girls, sweetheart—
You ask me if I love them still. I do.
Each beauty that I found in each of them
Each grace of mien, each virtue that they knew,
I find them all and love them more, sweetheart,
Because they are so much a part of you.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Think on thy many merces,
Where'er thy soul is sad;
Yea, write them down before thee,
And seek the sum to add;
And see, despite some sorrows,
How much should make thee glad.

—Philip B. Strong.

Miscellaneous.

Called by Alonzo.

When Alonzo's telegram came Thursday evening, saying "Join me here immediately," I knew at once that he was desperately ill. It must have been something sudden, for I had a letter from him that morning, and he didn't speak of anything out of the way—just told me a good time he was having and about a golf tournament that he was to play in a few days. I was sure he wouldn't have sent for me unless something serious was the matter—husbands don't you know—and I thought it might be an accident. Somebody got awfully hurt with a putter in that morning's paper, and the same thing might have happened to Alonzo as well as not.

It was after ten o'clock at night when the dispatch came, while Bridget went to call a cab and Della telephoned to the station to find out about the trains. I was so excited that I couldn't choose a thing for the bag, but I picked up whatever came along from my bureau and a wrapper from the closet to wear on the sleeper and crammed them in any old way.

Fortunately I had plenty of money—too much for comfort, for I didn't know where to put it. My dress hadn't any pocket, and I had to stuff it all over myself. I never appreciated before how awkward it would be to be a multimillionaire.

Bridget came back with the hansom just as Della finished telling me about the train, and I rushed off without having time to change anything about anything and paid the man double to get me to the Grand Central in time. We did it, but when I got out I noticed that I had brought my fluffy white chiffon parasol instead of an umbrella, and I upset me so that I spilled all the things I had in my chasteleine bag over the floor at the ticket window and nearly lost the train while I was picking them up, although the policeman and another man helped me all they could.

I didn't have time to ask at the Information Bureau how I was to reach where Alonzo was, but I got on the Boston train because I knew we went through Boston, but whether it was because he had business there or whether we had to in order to get to Upper East Scittpaw I couldn't remember.

At any rate, there I was on the Boston train, right or wrong, and I trusted to luck to get straightened out when I got there.

Naturally I was wide awake after such a shock as that telegram had given me, but I couldn't sit up all night, so I rang for the porter to find my berth for me. It was lower 6. I looked hard at the number, for I'm always careful about those things. Some women make such fearful mistakes.

The porter said the upper berth wasn't taken, and of course, I was glad. I've never been to Europe, but I can't understand why Americans brag so about our traveling conveniences. Traveling inconveniences, I should call them. And how anything in Europe can be more than an American sleeping car I don't know.

I crawled behind my curtains and sat down on the edge of the berth to get some things out of my valise. The man who belonged in the section across the aisle came from somewhere and nudged himself with his hand on my knee as he dug his coat case out from underneath his berth. Of course I realized that he didn't know it was a part of me he was leaning on, but it did seem a little informal.

It's hard work to unpack your bag doubled up in the darkness of your berth, with the upper berth bumping your head every time you move and jamming the hairpins into your skull, but I managed at last to get my wrapper and, I felt fearfully tumbled, for I had put it in simply anyhow. But, then, what's a wrapper for but to get messed up? I hung it over my arm, and started for the cubby hole that they call a dressing room in sleeping cars.

Just as I reached there I remembered that I didn't have my comb and brush, and I turned back for them. Then I did what the comic papers are always getting off jokes about. I went to the wrong berth. I was so tired that I forgot the mistake, for I knew very well that I belonged to No. 6, but I guess the fat round part of the figure eight deceived me, and I poked in between the curtains and felt about for the valise. Imagine my horror when a big bass voice inside roared out:

"Oh, fade away!"

I fairly staggered back into the aisle. I was so startled, and I stepped with all my weight on to the bare foot of a man who was sitting behind the curtains of the opposite berth. He said:

"Da-amm," with about a dozen A's in it that made it a wall of pain, and I turned round and apologized to the curtain.

By that time I was so confused that it's a wonder I ever arrived anywhere, but I did find No. 6 at last and hunted for my brush and comb.

Do you know, I couldn't find them? I took every blessed thing out of that suit case, and the list was something like this: A shoe-brush, a spongy fan, an ostrich feather, a comb, a cologne bottle, four veils, the three best stockings I own all wet with cologne and rolled into a little ball, a pair of long white evening gloves, a lace handkerchief, a pink chiffon sash and a whole armful more of stuff that I had swept out of my bureau drawer, and not a single thing that was of the least use to me for going to bed purposes. Literally not one! And you can realize that that means if you think about it for a moment.

There was nothing to do but be philosophic, so I thought I'd arrange my hair the best I could with my side-comb, and I sat dead again for the dressing-room. When I got up and the lamp glanced down at the wrapper over my arm and I recognized in that tumbled mass not my wrapper but my new black velvet princess dinner gown.

That was the finishing touch to my misery, for I hadn't had it in the house a month, and I'd been wanting one for years, and it was all wet with cologne and a regular wrinkled wreck.

I was so discouraged that I went back to my seat and went to bed just as I was.

My only ray of consolation was that there was no one over me; but just as I was thinking that there was that, at least, to be thankful for, a black hand came in through the curtains and the porter said:

"Lady, there's a gentleman come for the upper, and I want to put on your supplementary curtain."

"Supplementary," indeed!

"Of course I said 'very well,' and he hung up a foolish little strip of green stuff, and I tried to feel very exclusive and secluded while a fat, fat man climbed up the step ladder, and so nearly fell off it that he lit in the berth above with a crash that frightened me to death. All night long it was a toss-up which groaned the louder, he or the berth, and it sounded frightfully near and horrid, and I couldn't sleep a wink; but lay awake and worried about Alonzo.

When Alonzo went to Upper East Scittpaw, he wrote to me about the Boston Terminal Station. He said it was "great."

He didn't do it justice. It is "great" in several senses of the word. My train came in on Track 23, and I took about a half mile of pedestrian exercise before I found the Information Bureau. They seem to have everything a traveler can want in that station except a brush and comb and a wrapper, but I couldn't find any signs of a desire to provide me with those lacks in my outfit.

I discovered that my quickest way of getting to Upper East Scittpaw was to take a train to Portland and a boat from there. Why in the world Alonzo ever went to such a far-off place I can't guess. I sent him a telegram to say I was on the road. I had to send it "collect," because I had spent all the money in my chasteleine bag, and it was so embarrassing to take off my shoe and stand at the telegraph window and get out the bills I had in it. I did it, though, before I crossed the city to the station that the Portland train went out of.

Have you ever been to Boston? It's a cross-eyed sort of town. I don't wonder everybody wears glasses. I took a car that looked as if it ought to go somewhere. But you needn't ever talk to me again about Boston intelligence. That car had no sense at all. It didn't know what it wanted. It went to the surface and it went underground and it went on the elevated. Or else it was another car that I changed into at a place called Roxbury that went on the elevated. At any rate, they said I was about four miles from the station, and I got exactly into the car they pointed out, and when I asked again they said I was in Charlestown. I don't think the people had any more sense than the car.

I was nearly two hours hiding around before I found the station, and I did really have a few hours peace until I reached Percy.

There I telegraphed again to Alonzo so that he'd keep his courage up. They say a patient's key plays a great part in his recovery, and I knew that Alonzo would try to live until I got there.

If I ever did get there.

Every moment seemed an hour, though the boat arrived almost immediately and seemed to be doing its best.

I was so exhausted by not having slept for so long that I went to bed early and fell asleep at once, but I was awakened some time in the middle of the night by the most awful noise, that I don't like to think of.

I lay awake and listened, just trembling with fright, and sure enough, it was horses. The boat was tossing about, and every time she gave an extra bad shake those horses would blow the way they were going to the sport, they were around, and a man would shout at me. I think they had a stateroom directly under me.

I didn't sleep very much after that, of course, and I was a wreck when I got up in the morning. I was still a little faint of sight, but I made a man on a train, and how I was to accomplish I didn't know. Only my fearful anxiety for Alonzo made it seem possible that I could live through it. I was so tired, but I pictured him to myself lying so weak and weak upon a bed of pain, and I was not as strong as I felt.

I picked up my dress-suit case, full of its collection of useless things, and then unlocked my door. Or, rather, I didn't unlock my door, for the key wouldn't turn! I twisted, I struggled, and I was not as strong as I felt. I was in the middle of preparing for the day, but I was so tired that I was almost distracted. I never felt so helpless in my life, not even when the hammock broke and let me down flat on my back and unable to move, right at the feet of the Bishop of Oklahoma! Oh, no, that wasn't nearly so bad, for there, at least, was the Bishop of Oklahoma, while on that boat I might as well have been in my grave for any attention that anybody paid to me.

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But that window was discouraging. It was small, and I was not as strong as I felt. I was in the middle of preparing for the day, but I was so tired that I was almost distracted. I never felt so helpless in my life, not even when the hammock broke and let me down flat on my back and unable to move, right at the feet of the Bishop of Oklahoma! Oh, no, that wasn't nearly so bad, for there, at least, was the Bishop of Oklahoma, while on that boat I might as well have been in my grave for any attention that anybody paid to me.

All night long people had been tramping up and down in front of my room. Now there wasn't a footstep of course.

At last it occurred to me to let down my blind and look out of the window. You can fancy my delight when I saw a deckhand way off in the distance, and I called to him with all the strength I had left in me. It wasn't much, but he heard me at last, and came on the run. I handed out the things I had in my chasteleine bag, and he took them to the outside. It seemed to be a case where outsiders and insiders were even. The thing wouldn't budge.

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The Horse.

Introduction of Horse Breeding.

The history of the horse in America really begins in 1492, when Columbus, on his second voyage, introduced this animal into the West Indies. The first horses in what is now the United States were landed in Florida in 1537. The horses used by DeSoto on his Western journey and abandoned by him were undoubtedly the progenitors of the wild horses of the Southwest. In 1604 French horses were introduced into Acadia; in 1609 English horses were landed at Jamestown, Va., and in 1623 horses of Dutch origin were brought to New York. Massachusetts received its first consignment in 1629.

At one time in the history of the colonies horses became so cheap that little attention was paid to breeding, and the deterioration on size which followed became an object of such concern in several of the colonies that regulations were made prohibiting horses below a certain size to run at large, and forbidding the breeding of undersized horses. Following this legislation efforts were made to maintain the size and strength of the horse by judicious breeding, and the typical American horse of today may be said to have sprung from the stock imported into Acadia, Virginia, New York and Massachusetts, constantly crossed by stock of the best breeds of the Old World.

The first horses imported for breeding purposes were the English thoroughbreds, a cross between the Arabian and the Barb. They were brought to this country about 1750, but the total number imported prior to the Revolution did not exceed fifty horses and twenty mares, which were distributed in Maryland, Virginia, New York and North Carolina. Immediately after the Revolution, however, racing became popular and many thoroughbreds were imported.

The French-Canadian horse is the descendant of horses brought to Canada by the French. They have become reduced in size, but still retain the good qualities of their Norman ancestors and constitute one of the best breeds of farm horses. Roadsters and, in a less degree, coach horses are bred from trotting stock. There are English and other foreign breeds or types of coach horses, but they are not much used in this country. The American-bred roadsters may be said to comprise practically all the light harness and coach horses in the country.

Foreign draft horses of all the well-known breeds are constantly being imported into this country, but the English draft, the Clydesdale and the Percheron are most common. There are also Belgian and German horses. The breeders of draft horses, however, have not followed stud book lines, and have bred for the qualities desired regardless of breed.

Sadie Man, by Peter the Great, holds the honor of being the fastest three-year-old of the year, 2:12 1/2.

Major Delmar's owner challenges any trotter to a race, and it is thought Lou Dillon's owner will accept.

Lord Roberts, the good three-year-old son of Arion (2:07) and Nancy Hanks (2:04), is one of the best-looking horses on the turf.

Prince of Orange won from Dan T., Ferenno and others last week in 2:03, 2:03 1/2. Ferenno does not seem able to get to the front, though she goes a good race every time.

Crescens lowered the half-mile track record at Dayton, O., to 2:08 last week. He may be in record form later, though it is stated that nothing further is expected of him.

There is no better test of inadequate ventilation of the stables than a visit in the early morning, before the doors are open for the first time. In cases where the ammonia given off from the liquid and solid droppings of the animals has collected to such an extent as to give rise to what is known as a "stinging" or pungent odor, it may be taken for granted that the ventilation of the stable is defective, and that steps should be at once taken to provide a remedy.

Notes from Washington, D. C.

The Department of Agriculture has in press an interesting publication on "The Animal Industry of Argentina," prepared by one of its agricultural explorers, F. W. Bicknell. Mr. Bicknell shows the status of the animal industry of the Argentine Republic and indicates its prospects as a market for pure-bred animals from the United States. His descriptions and photographs of some of the cattle, sheep and horses now being produced in that country, may prove something of a surprise to a good many who have held somewhat vague impressions of the live-stock developments of the Argentine, assuming that it was a vast range and that no particular attention had been devoted to breeding and improvement. Mr. Bicknell thinks there is a good demand for well-bred American stock. He says that first-class Shorthorn cows, especially those known to be good milkers, and heifers of good milking and beef qualities, will be sure to bring long prices, for they are very much wanted. He mentions a bunch of 238 Shorthorn cows, of the rougher class, which recently brought \$103 gold, each. The young bulls of the same class brought an average of \$224 gold. These were unpedigreed. He notes further, a consignment of a dozen two-year olds, bringing an average of \$745, which he says in the United States would have been slow sale at \$300. All breeding stock is admitted free of duty. During 1902 Argentina exported nine million three hundred thousand pounds of butter, chiefly to England and South Africa, an increase of nearly two hundred per cent. over the year before. It has sold in competition with French, Holland and Australian butter, at prices almost as good as the best. Mr. Bicknell thinks, however, it lacks the firmness and grain of our own butter. The cheese business he says is not satisfactory. The exports of cattle for January, February and March, 1903, were 11,000, of sheep 42,000, and of horses 211.

"Last year," says Mr. Bicknell, "the Argentine energy in hunting markets was shown by the manner in which they went after the South African market. The Argentine Department of Agriculture rented a big transport from the navy department, and sent several experimental cargoes to South Africa. They took mules, steers, horses, butter, alfalfa, wheat, oats, sheep, and many other things in small parcels on the owners' private account. It was all sold to good advantage, and convinced both ship owners and producers that the market was worth working for. Now there are three regular shipping lines, with frequent sailings, and a good trade has sprung up. Here is farm enterprise for you."

W. P. Corra, an assistant pomologist of the Department of Agriculture, devotes



A THOROUGH-BRED PERCHERON WORKER.

most of his attention to apples. Speaking of his personal experience and observation in spraying this fruit, Mr. Corra said: "I bought a farm some thirty years ago in Sussex County, Del. It had an orchard of 200 trees. I found that they were all Northern apples, quite out of place in their semi-Southern home. Thereupon I top-grafted them, but I then found that the fruit, although it set well, was every year infested with insects. The first year that the new grafts bore I did not get a single perfect apple. They commenced dropping when the size of a walnut, stung and disfigured by the larvae of the codling moth. We tried picking up the drops two or three times a week and boiling them to kill the worms, then feeding them to the pigs. But this did not do. The entire country swarmed with the pests—my own orchard and those of all my neighbors. Not much was then known about spraying, but I fixed up a kerosene barrel with a spraying pump hose at a cost of \$5. With this I sprayed my apple trees thoroughly with paris green, and I also loaned the pump to all my neighbors as I wanted them too to get rid of the moths. I did not know anything then about combining paris green and bordeaux mixture and thus killing the insects and fungus spores at the same spraying. We had trouble with the brown cedar rust, but overcame this largely by cutting down all the cedars around and working up a sentiment among the neighbors against them. This cedar rust works over from the cedars to the apple leaves, wintering on the cedar foliage."

"If every farmer who has even a few trees would spray them he would realize enough profit from it to more than pay for his outfit the first year, but if he has any number of trees he is wasting money by neglecting this most important item of apple culture."

A fair summer boarder at a nearby farm-house, seeing for the first time a real live call roosting at will over the farm, remarked to the husky farmer, heartily amused at her antics, "Oh my, what a nice little cowlet." "Cowlet? Oh, pahaw, ma'am," he said, "that's not a cowlet, him's a bullet."

While some farmers are building up their land, others are pulling down theirs. Some farmers sell manure. They usually do it as an "accommodation" to some one who wants a few loads, or else they make no bones of stating that they want the cash. Manure means future fertility to the soil, as well as returns for the present crop, and fertility to the soil means the life of the farm. Seldom is there a time when a good excuse can be offered for selling a load of manure from the farm.

A man living near me has a five-acre farm lot. In addition to putting in a crop each year, he works out with his team a large part of the time. He has two horses and a cow. Every year he sells a large pile of manure at a nominal price. For two years I have purchased it myself, paying him fifty cents a load at his stable door. I have asked him why he sold it instead of enriching his land, which, by the way, is not rich. His land, he said, was as rich as used to be and he wanted the money. So he goes on, year by year, growing medium yields of ordinary rough crops, when there is a good demand for fruit and garden truck which he might grow and sell, and at the same time gradually get his plot of ground into a condition when his crop would be worth ten times what he now raises upon it.

Sweet elder made of good sound apples, properly fined, is one of the most wholesome of drinks. It is difficult to get it. There are, in this city, several places where "pure apple cider" is advertised, but when you get a glass you drink a concoction of brown sugar, tartaric acid, yeast, water and some apple cider. The usual city-grocery price for apple cider is twenty-five cents a gallon, year in and year out. Some years, when apples are plenty, it is possible, by

trying many samples, to get good cider, but when apples are at all scarce, the twenty-five-cent cider is pretty weak, sour and poor. Hard cider is not to be recommended, of course. This is the point where the juice passes from the vinous fermentation, caused by the sugar in the apple, to the formation of acetic acid. In this stage alcohol is developed and the product is really neither cider nor vinegar.

The liberal use of good cider is said to be a most effective preventive of malaria, and the drink is a specific for dysentery. Cider is best made from apples not only sound, but ripe. Early windfalls can be converted profitably into vinegar, but only good, ripe, selected apples make first-class cider. There is all the difference in the world between older made from this class of fruit and that made from all sorts—good apples, windfalls, half-rotten apples and rotten apples.

The ash of the blood of a sheep contains nearly sixty per cent. of salt; the ash of the urine contains fully thirty-three per cent. Salt should always be placed available to sheep. Its effect on sheep and deer is to give tone to the organism. Its fecaricity in the blood may mean a relaxation of vital energy, and an opportunity for the development of hostile parasitic organisms. If sheep are deprived of salt for a little time they will show considerable eagerness for it. GUY E. MITCHELL.

The Seauter.

The fall season of marriages has come around once more, and from now to the end of October there will be weddings, weddings everywhere, among high and low, rich and poor, and particularly among young people who do not stop to consider how a home is to be maintained after they have said seven by their own firesides, with coal at seven dollars a ton and more. There is no poverty in love's young dream, and the Romeo is very prodigal in making presents to his Juliet before he begins to receive the bills of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. I was in a confectionery yesterday when a boy came in and bought an eighty-cent box of chocolates.

"This is the fourth time," said the attendant, "that you have been in this week on a similar errand. Where do you get all the money you expend here? I hope you come by it honestly."

"Of course I do, marm," was the quick response. "I get it from my master, and he sends the candy to the girl he is going to marry next week."

"Ah," was the reply to this explanation; "then I see that we are about to lose a good customer."

I was relating this incident to a married woman later on, and I remarked that the girl was foolish to encourage such extravagance on the part of her lover, but I was interrupted by the exclamation: "Bless you, don't throw cold water on her liking for the best sweets in the market; she'll have to come down to pines soon enough after the matrimonial knot is tied."

But let me pass from youthful bliss to a more grave subject. I was walking down a street in the suburbs the other day, when I saw a large number of carriages awaiting the conclusion of funeral services in a neighboring church. I accosted a man sitting in one of the vehicles with a woman, and asked:

"Whose dead?"

"I'll be darned if I know," was the answer; "inquire of the hackman."

A few minutes after I saw this couple still in the hack, which had joined the procession that was making its way toward the cemetery. I presume this male and female were, like John Gilpin's wife, on pleasure bent, and were getting a free ride at the expense of the mourners whom they did not know.

Heaven lies about us in our childhood, Wordsworth asserts, but some of the children that I have come in contact with have been far from angelic. I was at the house of a relative one night last week, when the sole daughter of the house was being put to bed. She was told to say her prayers, but she obstinately refused to comply with this command and was finally asked to make a very short supplication.

"Try 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, that's too long," returned the little maid. "I know a better one than that."

"What is it?" was my next interrogation.

"Good night God! I'm tired," said the youngster, as she impulsively turned her face to the wall.

People, I have noticed, have strange ideas about heaven, and the discussions concerning what it is like are endless. I formed one of a little group that was discussing the future life, not long since, and one prosaic individual asserted that we should be doing in the land of the hereafter just what we are doing on earth in the way of occupation.

"Gracious goodness," interrupted one of the ladies, "I don't want to read proof in the other world. I get enough of that now."

Boys are no respecters of persons. Four or five of them were sitting on a fence that had been put up long ago by a man who has been long gathered to his fathers. His daughter, who has grown to be an old lady without realizing the fact, prizes the work of her paternal progenitor highly, and is

always d welling on its merits with something of the effusiveness of early girlhood. "Get right down, you saucy little boys," she screamed, as I passed, and the youngsters obeyed, as one remarked with a grin: "Come along, fellers, get off. Papa built that fence."

The last hay crops from the plots on which the different rotations are being carried out enable the Rhode Island Experiment Station to show final results for the season. On the plots having the six-year rotation in the following order: First, corn; second, potatoes; third, rye; fourth, grass and clover; fifth, grass; sixth, grass. The yields of the grass have been as follows: That of the fourth year in the rotation was 3 1/2 tons per acre; the fifth year of the rotation, 4 1/2 tons per acre, and the sixth year, 3.8 tons per acre. The fertilizer applied to these plots has been at the rate per acre of: 300 pounds nitrate soda, 400 pounds acid phosphate, two hundred pounds muriate of potash.

Field meetings and institutes are far more educational than fairs.—Alden Derby, Worcester County, Mass.

Agricultural Fairs.

STATE AND GENERAL EXHIBITIONS.

American Institute, New York	Sept. 22-24
Chicago Live Stock	Nov. 29-Dec. 5
Georgia, Southern Interstate	Oct. 1-10
Idaho International, Boise	Oct. 15-17
Ill. Inst. Springfield	Sept. 28-Oct. 3
Kansas City Live Stock	Oct. 13-25
Kentucky, Owensboro	Sept. 21-28
New Jersey Interstate, Trenton	Sept. 28-Oct. 2
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct. 13-24
Penn. Horticultural, Philadelphia	Nov. 10-14
South Carolina, Columbia	Oct. 27-30
Texas, Dallas	Sept. 28-Oct. 11
Washington, North Yakima	Sept. 28-Oct. 3

NEW YORK.

Binghamton, Binghamton	Sept. 29-Oct. 3
Cobleskill, Cobleskill	Sept. 21-24
Franklin, Malone	Sept. 22-25
Genesee, Bataavia	Sept. 28-30
Hemlock Lake, Hemlock	Sept. 29-Oct. 1
Morris, Morris	Sept. 28-30
Naples, Naples	Sept. 28-30
Newark, Newark	Sept. 28-30
Palmyra, Palmyra	Sept. 28-30
Phoenix, West Phoenix	Sept. 28-30
Richfield Springs, Richfield Springs	Sept. 28-30
Schenectady, Schenectady	Sept. 28-30
Silvers Lake, Perry	Sept. 28-Oct. 2
Steuben, Bath	Sept. 28-Oct. 2
Yerkes, Vermon	Sept. 28-Oct. 1
Wayne, Lyons	Sept. 28-30
Westchester, White Plains	Sept. 28-Oct. 3

MAINE.

Bristol, Bristol Mills	Sept. 28-30
Brignton, Brignton	Sept. 28-30
Cumberland, Harrison	Sept. 28-30
Cumberland, W. Cumberland	Sept. 28-30
Kennebec, Readfield	Sept. 28-30
Monroe, Union	Sept. 28-30
Lincoln, Danvers	Sept. 28-30
Madawaska, Madawaska	Sept. 28-30
Oxford, Oxford	Sept. 28-30
Piscataquis, Foxcroft	Sept. 28-30
Shapleigh and Acton, Acton	Oct. 1-5
Sagadahoc, Topsham	Oct. 1-5
West Washington, Cherryfield	Sept. 28-30
W. Penobscot, Eustis	Sept. 28-30
W. Oxford, Fryeburg	Sept. 28-30

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rochester, Rochester	Sept. 22-25
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VERMONT.

Brattleboro, Conn. Valley	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
Lamotteville, Morrisville	Sept. 28-30
Windsor, Windsor	Sept. 28-30

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Amesbury	Sept. 28-Oct. 1
Bristol, Taunton	Sept. 22-25
Eastern Hampden, Palmer	Oct. 1-10
Essex, Andover	Oct. 1-10
Franklin, Greenfield	Sept. 28-30
Hampshire, Amherst	Sept. 28-30
Hampshire, Northampton	Sept. 28-30
Hillsdale, Cummington	Sept. 28-30
Hingham, Hingham	Sept. 28-30
Housatonic, Great Barrington	Sept. 28-Oct. 1
Mass. Horticultural, Framingham	Oct. 1-5
Martine's Vineyard, W. Tibury	Sept. 28-30
Middlesex South, Framingham	Sept. 28-30
Spencer, Spencer	Sept. 28-30
Worcester West, Haver	Oct. 1-2

CONNECTICUT.

Chester, Chester	Oct. 7
Danbury, Danbury	Oct. 1-10
Guilford, Guilford	Sept. 29
Stafford Springs, Stafford Springs	Oct. 1-5
Union (Monroe, etc.), Huntington	Sept. 28-30
Windham, Brooklyn	Sept. 28-30

NORTH ADAMS—A TRIP TO THE HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.
\$3.00, Saturday, Sept. 26, via Boston & Maine Railroad.

One of the most delightful excursions offered by the Boston & Maine Railroad is the North Adams trip on Saturday, Sept. 26. This trip is out through the Deerfield Valley to the Hoosac Mountains where the most beautiful and diversified scenes in the country can be found. There are numerous places of interest noted for their scenic and natural beauty which can be visited while a tramp or a ride through the Taconic or Hoosac Ranges will prove mighty interesting. A two-days stop over is allowed on this trip, but all who wish can return on special train on the same day.

Special train leaves Boston Union Station at 8:30 A. M. Returning, leave North Adams at 4:50 P. M.; Hoosac Tunnel Station at 4:45 P. M., or on regular trains on Sept. 27 or 28. Trains stop at Wallham in both directions, but tickets can be purchased only at Boston City Ticket Office, 322 Washington street, and at Union Station. Tickets will be on sale at Washington street office up to 5:00 P. M., Sept. 25, and at Union Station until departure of train Sept. 26.

October 8 is the Date. \$5.00 is the Rate.

The Famous Autumnal Excursion on the Boston & Albany, through the Berkshire Hills to Albany, down the Hudson River (either night or day) to New York, returning via Fall River Line steamer to Boston. From points west of Boston, Oct. 7. Send for descriptive leaflet. A. S. Hanson, Gen. Pass. Agent, Boston.

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OWNER of "The World's Champion Flock," supplies this description only. Address
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8 Short-Horn Bulls,

One 16 months, seven from 7 to 10 months old. Good individuals and colors. Sired by Sassy Boy 12808, a grandson of Imp. Gay Monarch; and Double clover 2d 13888, a winner at International.

SIX LARGE FALL POLAND-CHINA BOARS.

20 spring boars. Can please you in quality and price. Write your wants. Telephone from Station to house. On C. M. & St. P. Ry.

R. E. WATTS & SONS, Miles, Jackson Co., Ia.

DARK RED SHORT-HORNS.

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And will make attractive prices on a dozen head of females and ten young bulls, all Cruickshank tops and selected from milking strains as well as best IMP. NONTARELL KING 12803, at the head of the herd.

R. L. BOLITHO, Alden, Ia.

HILLHURST SHORT-HORNS.

BULLS IN SERVICE: IMP. JOY OF MORNING 12303. IMP. SCOTTISH HERO 14503. IMP. LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN.

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Particulars later. For catalogue address
M. H. COCHRANE, Hillhurst Station, P. Q., Canada.

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On C. M. & St. P. C. R. I. & P. and C. W. Ry.

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This herd comprises such cows as BETTY 2d, champion cow 1901; CARNATION, the highest-priced single female sold at public auction; LADY HELP, champion yearling at the English Royal, 1899; MILLY MAY, winner of special prize for cow and her produce at National Hereford Show, 1899; two choice sisters of Dale, COLUMBIA and COLUMBIA 2d, and numerous others of like quality. Show stock a specialty. Bulls and females for sale at all times. Visitors welcome.

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FRED CORKINS, Herdsman.

KEISER BROS., KEOTA, IA.,
KEISER BROS. & PHILLIPS, RED KEY, IND.,

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On account of advanced age I will sell my entire herd of short-horns, numbering about 100 head, nearly all females, of Bates, Flat Creek Young Mary, Rosemary and other tribes, many of them with calves at foot and in good breeding condition. Have three head of Scotch breeding and a number of other young bulls. I MEAN BUSINESS, and will sell in lots to suit purchaser at low prices.

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All the females in the first prize young herd at the International of 1902.
All the first prize calf herd at the International of 1902.
All the females in the first prize aged herd at the American Royal of 1902.
All the females in the first prize young herd at the American Royal of 1902.
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